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THE SIRDAR IN THE CITY: THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR AT THE GUILDHALL, NOVEMBER 9.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. William Watson would like to abolish "the stupid lay figure of John Bull" which figures in cartoons as typical of the Englishman. Mr. Bull, it seems, belongs to an early period of our national development, when the Englishman passed his time in grumbling at the Budget, the weather, and the crops, thought roast beef the only dish fit for a gentleman, and had a low opinion of foreigners. Mr. Watson thinks we have changed all that. John Bull, ruddy, burly, agricultural, with whiskers, and no hair to speak of on the top of his head, is superseded by quite a different personage, slim, pensive, with a classic profile and abundant locks, with a refined taste in cookery and *belles lettres* and a cosmopolitan appreciation of everybody under the sun. Yes, the Englishman is now philosophic and poetical, and prides himself chiefly on his intimate sympathy with foreign habits and modes of thought. Why, only this moment I finished reading an article on Mallarmé by a critic with a peculiarly English name, racy of insularity, who decides that the last word of Nature in literature has been spoken, and that a self-respecting author must now write what is not "natural." Could anything be more remote from John Bull, roast beef, Consols, and the agricultural interest? How can the gentleman who has ceased to believe in Nature contemplate the old pictorial symbol of English character—the stout man with seals hanging from his fob, and an irritable gaze bent on a copy of the *Times*—without disgust?

Mr. Watson will admit, however, that it is difficult to adjust antique symbols to the fluctuations of the time-spirit. Some years ago the German Emperor published a cartoon representing himself armed with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, urging the Christian States to do battle with the demon of all things evil. Of late the Kaiser has been foregathered with the Sultan, and the *Spectator* remarks that the sight is edifying, because, although the Sultan is impelled by the tenets of his faith to shed Christian blood now and then, this proves him to be a good Mohammedan. The Kaiser is a good Christian: both, indeed, are deeply religious spirits: therefore they are joined together by the bond of sincere conviction. Now, suppose that William II., in a moment of artistic leisure, should take up his old cartoon and say to himself, "I must put the good Mohammedan Abdul into this. True, he has slaughtered many Christians, but he did it with sincere conviction. The human sacrifices which used to embellish a public holiday in Dahomey might have been justified on the same enlightened principle. Nothing matters in this world but sincerity. Shall I draw Abdul waving the sword of righteousness for the encouragement of the Christian States? Hum! They say I have no sense of humour, but I do perceive a certain incongruity in that! Some people, now, would say that Abdul is the demon who must be extirpated. As if the good Moslem were as bad as the wicked Socialist! Let us preserve our mental balance. I will continue to wave the sword of righteousness at the Holy Places—nice view of Jerusalem in the background—and here is Abdul hospitably smiling at the infidel. Hum! What would the Crusaders say? Shade of Peter the Hermit! Well, he lived before the days of German trade!"

Still, there is something to be said for Mr. Bull as the pictorial incarnation of English qualities. He is not always the man of business, or the puzzled owner of land which is going out of cultivation, or the callous oppressor of Celtic sensibilities, or the high-handed, unimaginative representative of force, of whom Lowell wrote—

The lion's paw
Is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.

Mr. Bull's rotund person and uninspired physiognomy sometimes veil the spirit of art. Who could see Millais in the street without suspecting him to be "Paterfamilias" of the *Times*? Who would have thought that the brush came as readily to his hand as the riding-whip or the fishing-rod? Without hesitation the observant stranger would have set him down as an authority on pigs, but not on pigments. Many years ago I was privileged to visit his studio one day, when he was engaged upon the portrait of an eminent sitter. The eminent sitter was sombre and uncomfortable, and Millais, thrusting his spectacles up his forehead, would retreat from the easel with an angry flush, muttering to himself, "What's the matter with me? Is my mind going? Good heavens! am I an idiot?" Then he rushed at the picture again as if it were five-barred gate, and this action transformed the whole scene in my mind's eye till I saw him in the hunting-field with a scarlet coat, and all the pigments changed to hounds, and the eminent sitter flying over brown acres in the likeness of a fox! But that mirage vanished, and Mr. Bull remained a great painter, raging in the heat and stress of a difficult piece of work, for all the world like a country gentleman of the old school who has just heard that nothing can persuade the House of Commons to reimpose the duty on corn.

Mr. Bull, then, is not such "a stupid lay figure" after all, though he suffers from the monotony of being too closely identified with one side of the national character.

With that bluff exterior he may be "tough, Sir, and devilish sly," like Major Bagstock, or a painter who was once a shining light of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, or a poet for every poet is not blessed with a romantic aspect. Take the portrait of Shakspere which is said to be the most life-like, dress his hair in our prosaic style, put him into a frock-coat, and you will probably notice about him that timidly commercial air which distinguishes an exquisite mystic like M. Maeterlinck. There is a surprising number of delicate and beautiful souls masquerading in commonplace envelopes. Beauty of soul may not be Mr. Bull's superlative characteristic; but his graces are more versatile than the comic draughtsmen will admit. With the Chancellor of the Exchequer he may discourse upon the importance of beer to the national revenue, or declaim with Sir Wilfrid Lawson against a bibulous House of Commons, which consumes intoxicating liquor on its premises without a license. He may protest with humane zeal against the horrors of war, or rejoice in the pluck of the little midshipman in Lord Dufferin's story, who, when under fire for the first time, remarked, "I left my mamma only six weeks ago, but I am not going to cry on her Majesty's quarter-deck." If all these emotions can kindle under John Bull's capacious waistcoat, why need we depose him and set up another effigy of our national worth?

These considerations may have no weight with Mr. Watson; and I fear that, having overthrown John Bull, he will fix an iconoclastic eye on the figure of Britannia. I can hear him, as he handles a copper coin of the realm, delivering this fiat: "What has this excellent lady, who is seated most uncomfortably on the rim of a shield, to do with modern England? Are we content with the business of ruling the waves? It is necessary and praiseworthy; but ought not the people, when they look at a penny, to be reminded that England's sceptre means a great deal more than a bustling authority on the ocean? When I give this copper to a crossing-sweeper, or to an urchin who turns somersaults for a livelihood, why should he not be uplifted in soul by some emblem that speaks to him of English song? 'Rule, Britannia!' is the primitive cry of liberty; it does not touch the subtler chords of our national being. Let us have the image and superscription of the Muse glorifying even the humble farthing, strewing the avenues of unpretentious commerce with the flowers of poesy, and tuning her lyre in the squalid haunts of poverty!"

I may remark that in the last year or two, Britannia's seat has been removed from the rim of the shield. She maintained her dignity in this trying position until it attracted the notice of some humane official at the Mint; so on a penny of recent date you will find her seated on nothing at all, and clutching the shield for support. By-and-by, some scientific genius at the Mint will point out to his colleagues that such defiance of the law of equilibrium is likely to arrest the spread of sound popular education. We may then see Britannia accurately balanced on a bicycle, and holding her trident in readiness to puncture the tyre of an invader. In cartoons she is doomed to oscillate between the classic and the domestic. Sometimes she is a stern, majestic figure in flowing drapery, mourning at a tomb, or offering a wreath to a victor; then she is a buxom matron, the wife of Mr. Bull, in bombazine and a helmet. Suppose our stalwart and patriotic damsels were to adopt this remarkable headgear! During the late war between America and Spain, American ladies contrived to introduce the Stars and Stripes into many articles of wearing apparel. I wonder whether, in a similar emergency, our Amazons would set the fashion of the Britannia helmet in homage to Mrs. Bull. Does not Mr. Watson see in that prospect the futility of struggling against a deep-rooted tradition?

Some fugitive traditions clutch plaintively at the memory. I am reminded of one of them by the death of that accomplished woman, Lady Martin. The last time she appeared on the stage I saw her play Rosalind, and I recall a stately figure, with beautiful waving arms, and such a conviction of personal dignity that the Celia seemed to shrink into a mere waiting-woman beside her. Rosalind was the daughter of a banished duke, and might think much of her station; but Celia was the daughter of a reigning duke, and why should she not also wave her arms and assume statuous attitudes? The answer to this question was that the Rosalind embodied the tradition of Helen Fauci. I was in the presence of the grand manner; these studied poses and these measured tones revived the Shaksperean acting of the classic school. It was very impressive, but it made me suspect that such a Rosalind would never have donned doublet and hose and lived unchaperoned in a forest. I once heard another celebrated actress criticised on the ground that her Shaksperean heroines were not "ladies." Helen Fauci's Rosalind was an overpowering lady. Portia is confident that when she and Nerissa are accounted as young men, she will prove the "prettier fellow of the two." Helen Fauci could never have condescended to be a pretty fellow. In her charming book about Shakspere's women she seems never to remember that their creator meant them to be flesh and blood. For her they were always ethereal creatures, untouched by common earth, and for ever waving their beautiful arms.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at the end of this week, leaves Balmoral for Windsor Castle, to be there on Saturday.

The Prince of Wales and his family kept the birthday of his Royal Highness at Sandringham. Lord Rosebery was among the guests.

The Empress Frederick of Germany has been visiting the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig Castle, Nithsdale.

Princess Christian on Friday returned to Windsor Park from visiting the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley; on Monday her Royal Highness opened the Amateur Exhibition of the Artists' Guild at the Imperial Institute.

The Earl of Minto, the new Governor-General of Canada, with Lady Minto, left England on Nov. 3 by the Dominion Line steam-ship from Liverpool to Montreal.

The New Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, was entertained on Monday at a dinner given in his honour by the Royal Societies Club.

At the Fermanagh election last week, Mr. E. M. Archdale, the Unionist candidate, was elected by a majority of 477.

The London County Council, at its meeting last week, resolved by an overwhelming majority of votes, 101 against 15, to adopt the Report of its Water Supply Committee recommending that a Bill be introduced into Parliament next session for the purchase of the undertakings of all the water companies in London, and for providing an additional supply from Wales.

The municipal elections for all cities and corporate boroughs in England and Wales took place on Nov. 1. Their political result was a gain of about sixty for the Conservative and Liberal Unionist parties, and forty-five for the Liberal party, while the numbers of the Independent, Labour, and Socialist councillors elected were small.

A deputation from Rochester, headed by Lord Cranborne, on Saturday presented to the retiring Lord Mayor of London, Colonel Horatio David Davies, an address engraved on a costly metal shield, framed in gold, congratulating him upon his excellent performance of the duties of his high office during the past year. He has been made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The last remaining portion of the Turkish troops in Crete has been ignominiously expelled. At Candia, on the 4th inst., Cheyki Bey, the commander, suddenly refusing to embark his soldiers at the expiration of the appointed time, Admiral Noel surrounded the barracks with British Royal Marines, under command of Colonel Howard, threatening to make them prisoners and carry them away by force. Hereupon the Turks yielded, and were marched down in squads of fifty, with a military guard, to the transports which conveyed them to Turkey. They numbered eight or nine hundred men, with five hundred women and children. At Retimo two hundred Turkish soldiers were forcibly removed by Russian order. Prince George of Greece is appointed, at the proposal of Russia, to rule the island as "Commissioner-General of the European Powers," with a council of native Cretans.

The Khedive of Egypt has returned to Cairo; but his Highness, who was lately at Constantinople, has not yet personally taken any notice of the services of the Sirdar and the Egyptian army, with the British allied army, in the reconquest of Khartoum and of the Nile. The pacification of the Soudan appears to be nearly completed. The fugitive Khalifa Abdullahi, with a few desperate kinsmen followers, is reported to be somewhere on the north borders of Kordofan, seeking to escape the vengeance of disappointed Arab native tribes. On the eastern side of the Nile some of the chief Dervish leaders have surrendered or submitted to Egyptian rule. Others, with dwindling forces, whose retreat is cut off by Colonel Jackson with his troops of the Kassala garrison, since the capture of Gedaref, towards the Abyssinian frontier, cannot long evade an active pursuit. Colonel Kitchener, a brother of the Sirdar, is appointed Governor of Khartoum; that city is to be rebuilt, to become once more a centre of the Nile traffic, and capital of the Soudan civilised government.

The new French Ministry on Friday met the Chamber of Deputies, to whom M. Dupuy, the Premier, addressed the declaration of his policy, and obtained a vote of confidence with only a minority of sixty-four against it.

In the peace treaty negotiations at Paris there is yet no approach to a settlement either of the dominion of the Philippines or of American liability for the Spanish Colonial Government debt. The transport of Spanish troops from Cuba home proceeds as quickly as is practicable.

One of the Spanish cruisers of Admiral Cervera's squadron, the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, sunk in the battle off Santiago de Cuba, was afterwards raised, and partly repaired by the American Navy Department. She was to have been towed to the United States port of Norfolk by the *Vulcan*, but this attempt has proved a failure. In a heavy gale outside of the Bahamas on Nov. 1 she foundered and went to the bottom. All the crew were saved.

The young Emperor of China has reappeared at Court, with the Empress-Dowager, who is the actual ruler, at the reception of a special Japanese Envoy bearing decorations for both of them. Russian endeavours to get possession of the line from Port Arthur to Niu-Chwang, which is one of the Treaty Ports free to all nations, excite much diplomatic opposition at Peking, as well as the occupation of the roads from Tientsin to the capital by Chinese troops, rendering all foreign communications apparently insecure. The British naval squadron is exhibiting greatly increased activity at Wei-Hai-Wei and at Chefoo.

All the Afridi tribes in the Khyber Pass region of the Indian North-West Frontier have accepted the terms and regulations prescribed by the Government of India for their effectual subordination to its control, leaving to them, however, the management of their own merely tribal affairs.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MUSKETEERS" PAGEANT AT HER MAJESTY'S.
At last Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of Dumas' great romance is on view, and "The Musketeers" of Her Majesty's proves to be, unlike Mr. Hamilton's rival melodrama, no carefully planned and skilfully joined stage play, but merely a grand pageant. D'Artagnan, to be sure, is always in evidence; indeed, Mr. Grundy may be said in his succession of pictures to have taken snap-shots at the Gascon in various stages of his history. D'Artagnan riding up to the inn on his sorry nag; d'Artagnan fighting his triple duel with the renowned trio; d'Artagnan making frantic love to Miladi only to discover the mark of the flour-de-lis; d'Artagnan entertaining the three musketeers with a borrowed ham; d'Artagnan escorting Buckingham to the Queen's corridor and fooling the King; d'Artagnan rushing ludicrously out in a suit of mail to search for the jewels; d'Artagnan finally unmasking Miladi and baffling the Cardinal. So we might summarise the various episodes of this panorama. Yet for all his ubiquity, perhaps because of it, d'Artagnan is little more than a lay figure, round which other picturesque marionettes—Miladi, shorn of half her wickedness; the King, petulant nobody; the Cardinal, most childish of red-robed plotters; Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, more shouting bullies; Buckingham, a sitting shadow; the Queen, only half real in her pathos—merely disport fine clothes and set off brave scenery. For it is not Miladi who is heroine at Her Majesty's. True, Dumas' prologue of the branding scene is retained for her benefit, but uselessly, since her passionate interview with d'Artagnan is placed quite early, and she is robbed of her tragic death. Nor is Constance prominent. Made the daughter, not the wife of Bonacieux (oh, these bowdlerisations!), the little dressmaker is a doll almost ignored in the foolish happy ending which allows Miladi to escape. Presumably, as the "play" concludes with the recovery of the jewels, the Buckingham intrigue should be its central interest, but Buckingham is practically disposed of in a single scene. No, all is sacrificed to spectacle. Naturally, amid such indulgence to carpenter and costumer, the actors suffer. Mr. Waller, for instance, an ideal d'Artagnan, is thrown away on the insignificant rôle of Buckingham; and Mrs. Brown Potter, whose striking realisation of the callousness, the fascination, the devilry of Miladi, is the feature of the performance, has but few passages wherein to produce an impression. Perhaps, too, it is not Mr. McLeay's fault that his Richelieu seems melodramatic, nor any mistake of Mrs. Tree that makes the agony of her Queen insufficiently convincing. Even Mr. Tree, as d'Artagnan, has little really to do but posture, fight, and look distinguished. For all that, it is impossible to admit that the chief of Her Majesty's "Musketeers" is intended in physique, voice, or diction for heroic drama. As a character comedian Mr. Tree has few rivals; he is ill suited to romance.

"YOUNG MR. YARDE," AT THE ROYALTY.

It is a "comedy of errors," this new Royalty drama of Messrs. Ellis and Rubens, blessed with such ideal Dromos as the brothers Grossmith. So, though the first act of "Young Mr. Yarde" is quite superfluous, still, despite a comic duel, loosely connected with the intrigue, we obtain a not unamusing story. Young Mr. Yarde, you must know, betrothed to the daughter of a penniless yet tradefating Count, has inherited considerable property, provided he will put in a daily appearance at his uncle's Paris shop. A valet, resembling him in appearance, offers to take his place at the shop, flirts with the lady cashier, and involves his master in countless troubles, which a girl cousin, next heiress, might exaggerate. But all ends happily.

"THE BROAD ROAD," AT TERRY'S.

Captain Marshall's new play at Terry's, can only be regarded as an interesting failure in drawing-room melodrama. At first you hope the dramatist proposes to show how pure, loving girl can rescue even a card-sharper from the "broad road" that leads to destruction. Instead, just at the psychological moment of repentance Maurice Dufrene is poisoned by a weak-minded accomplice, and the curtain falls on his sweetheart's waiting for Maurice's awakening from an eternal sleep. Cards, as heretofore, explain this sensational finale. Maurice, secretary of an embarrassed M.P., has proposed to fleece his master's aristocratic friends, and share the earnings. Then the card-sharper's guardian angel has intervened, he proposes restitution, and his friend resorts to crime to prevent exposure. Captain Marshall tells his story with tolerable wit, but with metaphor that would frighten Mr. Pinero. Badly constructed, and full of stupid tirades, the play contains an absurdly theatrical ending. Of the acting it may be said that Miss Lena Ashwell's charming heroine shows tenderness rather than passion; that Mr. Abingdon's criminal M.P. is conventionally melodramatic; and that Mr. Martin Harvey, the hero-villain, shows at first fervour and grasp of characterisation, but is finally conquered by the neuroticism of his rôle. The author has yet to write a good stage-play.

F. G. B.

As illustrative of the extent to which typewriting is now being taken up as an evening continuation subject, we may mention that nearly 140 Remington typewriters are in use in the London Board schools.

At the annual dinner of the staff of Hampton and Sons (Limited), which was held in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, last Saturday evening, the managing director, Mr. George Hampton, in responding to the toast of "The Directors," announced that the board were much gratified to find that under the unique profit-sharing scheme inaugurated last year on the conversion of the concern into a limited liability company, the returns for the current year's business showed a great increase on those of last year; and, further, that the deposits of the staff had increased 50 per cent.; so that when the further issue of the ordinary shares is made they may be taken up by the staff, who would then secure to themselves a still larger measure of direct interest in the profits. The chairman was supported by his co-directors, Messrs. G. F. Hampton, H. S. Hampton, S. Alen, E. Barlow, and W. R. Peck, and the secretary, Mr. S. D. King, some 300 members of the staff being present.

Published Nov. 21.

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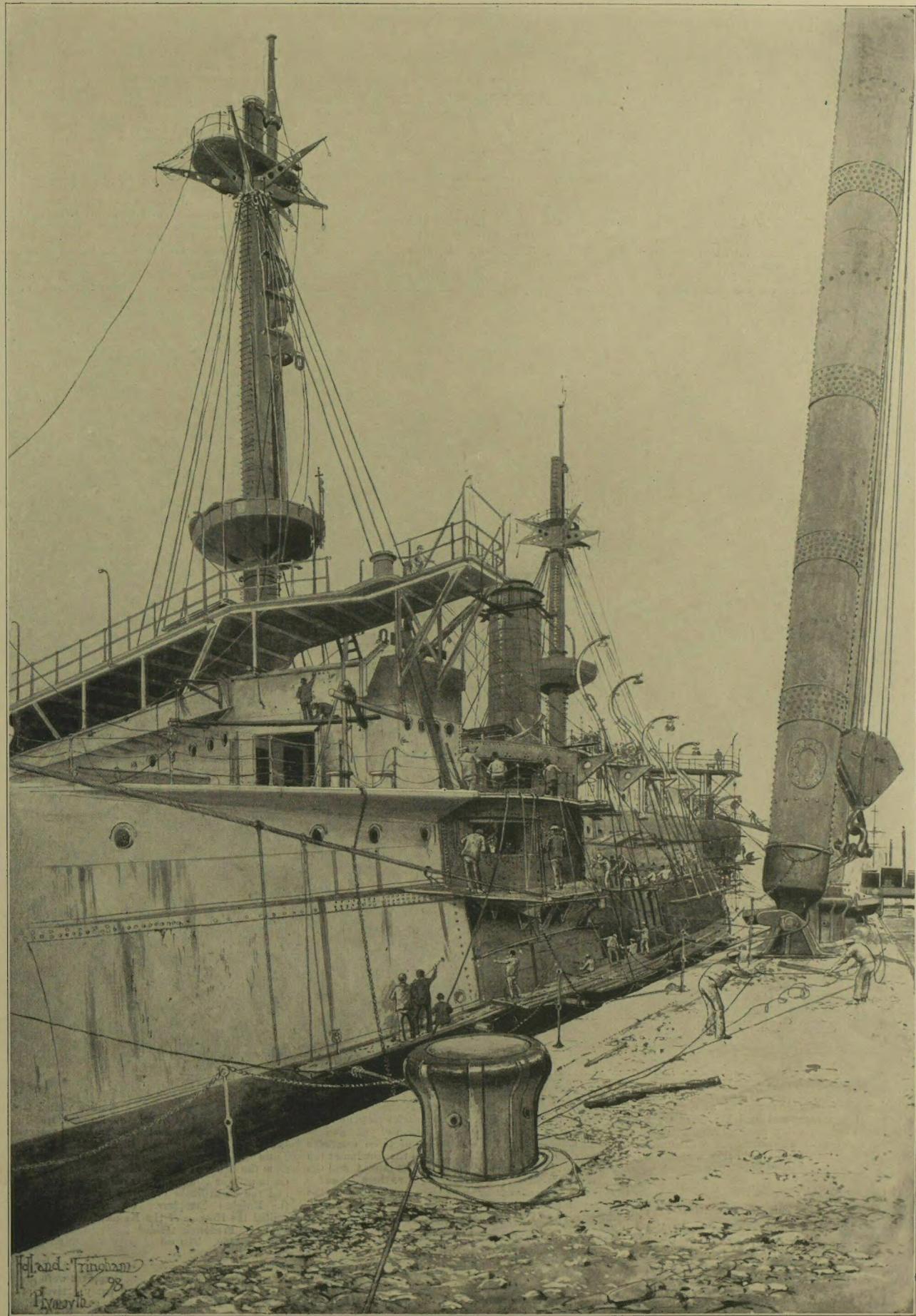
Prince Francis of Teck. Prince Christian.

The Sirdar.

The Lord Mayor.

The Duke of Cambridge.

Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein.



THE BUILDING OF A BATTLE-SHIP: H.M.S. "OCEAN," TWIN-SCREW, 1ST CLASS, 12,950 TONS, IN THE DOCKYARD AT PLYMOUTH.

DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HOLLAND TRINGHAM.

The men are engaged fitting the armour-plates to the casemates and that part of the ship which carries the engine and magazines.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SIRDAR IN THE CITY.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum on Friday, Nov. 4, after being presented with the freedom of the City of London and a sword of honour at Guildhall, was entertained by the Lord Mayor at a banquet which was probably the most remarkable in our days for the presence and the cordial unanimity of leading statesmen representing both the Government and the Opposition party, including Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, and other Ministers, Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt, while royalty was represented by the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and Prince Christian Victor.

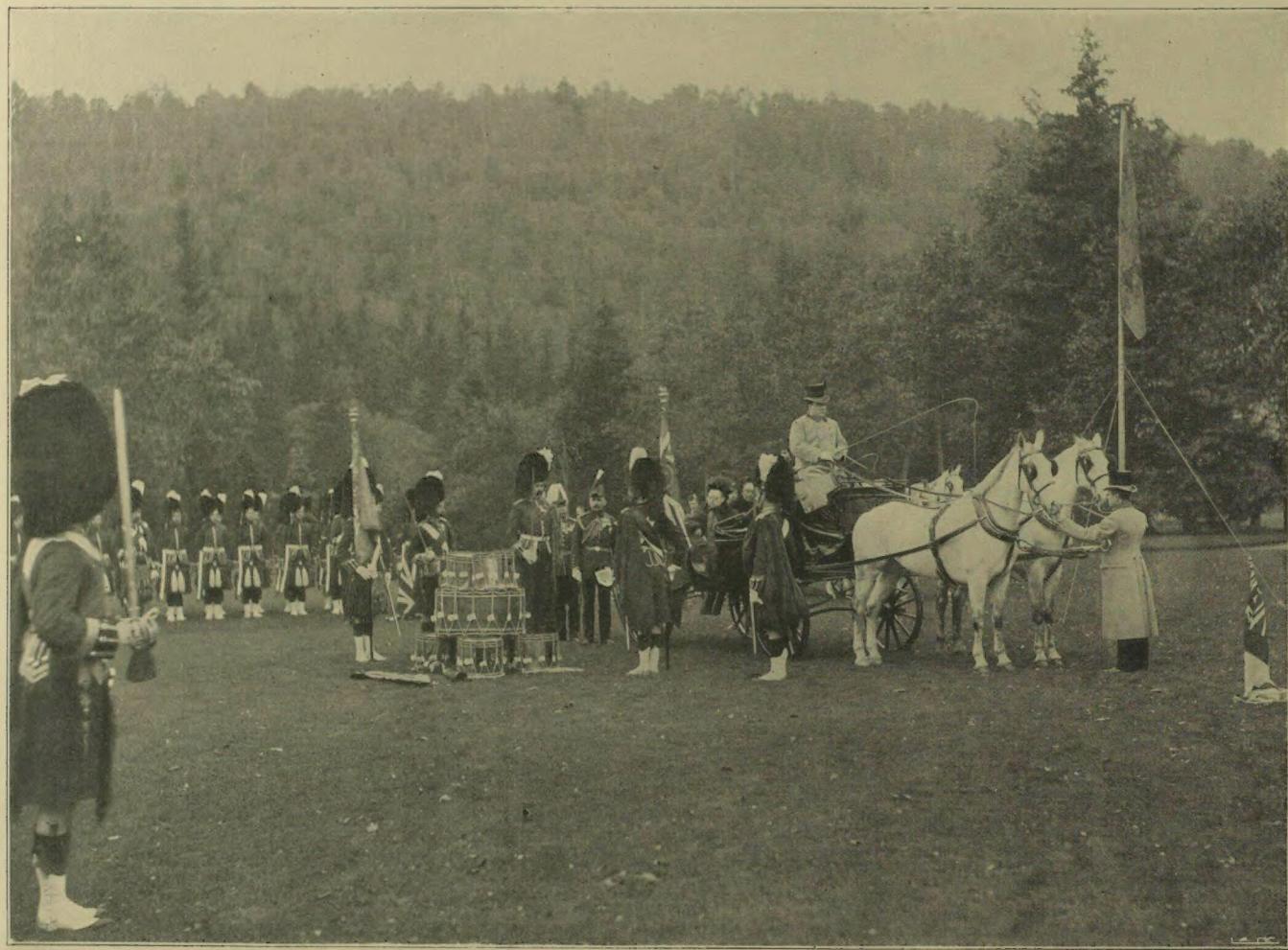
The gratifying announcement in Lord Salisbury's speech that the French Government would at once withdraw its officers and men from Fashoda was immediately followed by all the Paris newspapers stating this fact with comments not so bitter against England as might have been expected, though severely blaming their own former Government for the false step that was taken in sending Major Marchand to the Nile. The tone of the German, Austrian, and Russian comments was not unfriendly to

Harvey steel, but the bulkheads curving round the base of the barbettes, like the barbettes themselves, have 12-in. plating. Every gun-position is well protected. The guns are of the new and greatly improved kind. There are two of 12 in. in each barbette, and six 6-in. quick-firers on each side, with eighteen smaller guns. There is reason to believe that the *Ocean* is as good as anything afloat for her displacement.

THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS' NEW COLOURS.

On the afternoon of October 29 her Majesty presented colours to the newly raised 2nd Battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Two hundred men of the battalion marched from Ballater and were drawn up on the lawn at Balmoral. Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Hunt was in command. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, drove on to the ground at a quarter to one o'clock. The colours were consecrated by the Rev. S. J. Ramsay Sibbald. Thereafter the Queen handed the colours to Lieutenants P. Baird and the Hon. A. Maitland. The Queen then addressed the officers and men of the battalion: "It gives me great pleasure to present these colours to the

mercury rose to 100, and once to 105. The only hotter month recorded is May, when the mean of the highest temperatures for the same ten years was 97.1. The reason of this excess of heat in October over the summer months, June to September, when the sun is hottest, is the greater prevalence in October of winds from the east, south-east, and south. There are very few summer days on which these winds blow; but in October they begin to rise towards their winter maximum, and are not yet tempered by the winter rains and cold. That is to say, they come from the still hot desert, and laden with desert sand, that fills the air to the consistency of a Scotch mist, and renders all active exertion almost intolerable. They are called by the natives *Sherkiyeh*, whence our ill-omened name Sirocco; and veritable Siroccos they are. The imperial caravan encountered at least one of these winds, and between Haifa and Jaffa felt a temperature of 100 deg. It was wise, therefore, to cut out of the programme the visit to Jericho. If 100 deg. were encountered on the maritime plain, and over 90 deg. in Jerusalem at a height of 2300 ft. above the sea, it makes one almost despair to think of what the mercury must have reached in the Jordan Valley, 1290 ft. below the level of the sea, and so much nearer the desert. The projected visit to Jericho must have resulted in the prostration of a number of the party. And it would have been little better on the level of the Lake of Galilee.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS AT BALMORAL.

Photograph by Mitie, Aboyn.

England. Major Marchand, who arrived at Cairo on Nov. 3, is expected to return and lead his party from Fashoda through the Galla country, south of Abyssinia, to Djibouti, or Obok, where the French have a sea-coast station, instead of bringing them down to Egypt.

BUILDING OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "OCEAN." The battle-ship *Ocean* belongs to the *Canopus* class. Like her many sisters, she is an improved *Renown*—that is, she displaces about 2000 tons less than the *Magnificent*. When the new class was introduced its merits were canvassed, and the question was naturally asked why ships of 14,900 tons should have been built if such good things could be worked upon the new displacement of 12,950 tons. But the new ships are not altogether a concession to the advocates of medium displacement. They have the advantage—no small one in some waters—of having a draught of only 25 ft. 5 in., while the *Magnificent* draws 27 ft. 6 in. The *Ocean* was laid down at Devonport on Feb. 15, 1897, and launched, in a well advanced state, on July 5, 1898. She would have been in the water earlier but for the engineering dispute and the late delivery of her stem and stern posts. However, time has been made up rapidly, and the ship is now in active progress towards completion. She is of the same length as the *Magnificent*, 390 ft., but built upon finer lines, giving her, with her greater engine-power (13,500), the high battleship speed of 18½ knots. The side plating is of 6 inches of

new battalion of my Own Cameron Highlanders. I feel sure that they will be always safe in your keeping, and that you will ever maintain the high reputation of your gallant regiment and follow the noble example of those comrades who so recently laid down their lives in the Sudan at the call of duty." Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt replied, and the men marched past, and on reforming gave three cheers for the Queen. The officers and men were entertained at the Castle, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt had the honour of dining with the Queen.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S TOUR.

The imperial pilgrimage to the Holy Land has been shortened. The first explanation sent us by telegram was the appearance of complications in the politics of Europe. But the great heat which the Emperor and his suite encountered on their ride from Haifa to Jerusalem was, without this, quite sufficient reason for the abbreviation of their programme. Why this season of the year was chosen for the expedition has not been stated; but the Emperor's advisers might have told him that there is hardly a hotter month in Palestine than October. According to Mr. Glashier's valuable tables in the "Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund," founded on the observations of the Emperor's own subjects at Sarona, the mean of the highest temperatures in that place during the Octobers of 1880-90 was 96.8 Fahr.; some years the

Tuesdays, Nov. 1, their Majesties visited Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives; the Emperor received official deputations, entertained the Turkish authorities, and bestowed decorations upon them, paid his respects to the Latin and Greek ecclesiastical patriarchs, accepted an address from the Jews. On Wednesday the Emperor and Empress examined the Mosque of Omar, the Mosque of El Aksa, and the subordinate buildings formerly the habitation of the Knights Templars. On Thursday their Majesties visited the Hospice of the Knights of St. John, where the Emperor Frederick resided during his visit to the Holy Land in 1869. The same day the party visited the tombs of the Kings and the so-called New Golgotha. In the afternoon divine service was held in the Church of the Redeemer. The Emperor and Empress were present. On Friday, Nov. 4, the imperial party arrived at Jaffa by special train. Their Majesties at once embarked for Beirut, where they arrived early on Saturday morning. At Beirut they remained over Sunday, on Monday they proceeded to Damascus, and on Thursday the tour was brought to a close by a visit to Banlieb. Of the three last-named places a fuller account will be found on another page. The pictures which have come to hand from our Special Artist relate, of course, to an earlier part of the tour. They illustrate the first landing at Haifa, on Oct. 25, the visit to the Crusaders' Castle at Cresarea on Oct. 27, and the presentation of an address by the German colonists at the German Consulate at Haifa on Oct. 28, when Father Biever, head of the German settlement at Tabigha, welcomed their Majesties.

PERSONAL.

There are alarming reports from Paris of a scheme for the assassination of the leading politicians and men of letters who have identified themselves with the agitation on behalf of Captain Dreyfus. As the probabilities grow stronger that the conviction of that officer will be quashed, and his innocence proclaimed, the exasperation of the Anti-Semitic party is taking a threatening form. Constant efforts are made to intimidate the Judges of the Supreme Court. Men like M. de Pressensé and Senator Trarieux have been warned by the police to take precautions for their personal safety. M. de Pressensé, who has just published a book which extols the heroism of Colonel Picquart, has found it necessary to quit his house and live outside Paris, and M. Trarieux has intimated to the authorities that he carries a revolver and will use it in self-defence. The police are evidently alive to the danger of an outbreak. M. Rochefort announced some time ago that the return of Captain Dreyfus to France would be the signal for murder.

The Rev. Joseph Wood, D.D., who has been appointed Head Master of Harrow, had proved his administrative capacity at Tonbridge School, where he has done excellent work as Head Master. On his appointment to Tonbridge the school was far from flourishing, but when Dr. Wood assumed the government, a steady improvement began, and the numbers, which were very low, have risen to between four and five hundred, the maximum possible with existing accommodation. A Balliol man, Dr. Wood had a good record in the schools, obtaining

Firsts in Moderations and in Greats. Fellow of St. John's College, and was a classical examiner at Oxford in 1875 and 1876. For twenty years—1870 to 1890—Dr. Wood was Head Master of Leamington College. Everything seems to augur well for his success at Harrow.

"A man of slender means, and not over-robust health, he flinched not in his devotion to those less fortunate than himself." The words were spoken the other day by Lord Russell of Killowen when he inaugurated a granite drinking-fountain on Hackney Common in memory of Mr. Charles Button, J.P., a past chairman of the local Vestry. When first the Lord Chief Justice saw Mr. Button he was an official shorthand-writer in the Divorce Court; and then, later, he found him in Hackney, a political supporter and a man with the reputation of a philanthropist. The poor of the district found a friend in him; and the drinking-fountain will be something more than a mere monument in marble, and therefore a fitting memento of one who did nothing for show and everything for utility.

Mr. T. B. Potter, who has died at the age of eighty-two, sat in the House of Commons for Rochester from 1865, when he succeeded Cobden, to 1895, when he retired from Parliament. Mr. Potter was the founder of the Cobden Club, and a man whose social gifts were highly appreciated, but he made no figure in Parliamentary life, and was at no time a personal force in contemporary politics. In his latter days in the House of Commons he sat in his place for hours, and never spoke either to the House at

large or to anybody in it. Years ago he was a well-known figure at the Reform Club. In 1890 Mr. Potter was presented with an address at Princes Hall. Mr. Gladstone made the presentation, and the chair was occupied by Earl Granville.

It may be hoped that as Max O'Rell's letter in the *Times* is written in the French language, it will be read and pondered in Paris. He has lived long among us, he understands the English character, and he knows that we cherish no animus against France. All the fine qualities of the French nation are thoroughly appreciated here, and individual Frenchmen make themselves extremely popular. Nothing can be more absurd than the delusion, fostered by some Paris journalists, that England wants to fight her great neighbour. We have made warlike preparations as a matter of prudence, because it was necessary to stand upon our unalterable rights; but it is ridiculous to say that England is carried away by a Jingo fever. We must protect our own plain interests and the interests of Egypt, but this policy is not inflamed by any animosity against France.

Professor James Stuart, who has been appointed Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, is a Scotsman, the eldest son of Joseph G. Stuart, Markein ch, Fifeshire, and Catherine, daughter of David Booth, of Newburgh. After private tuition, he entered the University of St. Andrews, whence he in due course proceeded to Cambridge. In 1866 he was Third Wrangler, and two years later became Fellow of Trinity College. From 1875 to 1889 he was Professor of Mechanics at Cambridge. Professor Stuart is the founder of the University Extension system, and to him also is due the institution of mechanical workshops at Cambridge. In 1884 he entered Parliament as member for Hackney, and now sits for the Hoxton (Shoreditch) Division. He is editor of the *Morning Leader*.

Sir Henry Irving is slowly mending after a very severe attack of pleurisy. All danger has passed away, but he is likely to remain in Glasgow for a few weeks before he is well enough to be moved. In the meantime, Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum company are fulfilling their provincial engagements without him. Sir Henry's illness has excited widespread regret and sympathy, and his recovery is anxiously awaited by an immense public, to whom he is endeared equally by his great talents and his personal character.

When Lord Kitchener returned to this country he announced that in all probability the post of Governor of Khartoum would be conferred on his brother, Colonel Kitchener. The appointment has now been confirmed, and Colonel Kitchener is engaged in the onerous duties of his position, the chief of which will be the laying-out of a new town at Khartoum. The new Governor belongs to the 2nd Yorkshire Regiment, of which he is second in command. He was stationed at Dover until this year, when he joined the Sirdar's forces in Egypt. He has seen service in Afghanistan, and was through the Dongola Campaign, for which he obtained the brevet of Colonel. At the Atbara and Omdurman he had charge of the transport.

Major Marchand is an intrepid explorer, but a poor diplomatist. He has made a speech at Cairo accusing his Government of having deserted him, and declaring that by making for Fashoda, he had intended to join hands with the French in Egypt, who would "forget nothing and abandon nothing." This means that the ambitious traveller thought he was going to turn us out of Egypt. This was a melancholy error, and it sheds a curious light on the inspiration Major Marchand had received from the officials who fitted out his expedition.

At the age of eighty-three, Viscount Lismore has died at 5, Clifton Crescent, Folkestone, and with his death the Viscountcy becomes extinct. He served in the 17th Lancers, and was Honorary Colonel of the Militia in Tipperary—a county of which he was Lord Lieutenant for thirty years. His wife, who survives him, was a daughter of John George Norbury, and their marriage took place nearly fifty years ago. The house of Lismore is one of the few native families in Ireland which has been raised to the Irish peerage. O'Callaghan is the

family name, and the O'Callaghans were originally princes of the province of Munster. The chief was Cornelius O'Callaghan, who in 1594 is mentioned as the owner of vast estates.

The death of Captain George Thomas Bulkeley, late of the 2nd Life Guards, which took place, in his ninety-

fourth year, at The Hawthorns, Hatchet, Berks, severes another link with the early part of the century. Captain Bulkeley was probably the only retired officer living who had completed his service in the army before Queen Victoria came to the throne. He was born in the year of the battle of Trafalgar, 1805, received his commission as a cornet in the 2nd Life Guards in 1825, under George IV., and formed one of the escort of King William IV. at his coronation. His eldest brother, of Linden Hill, Berks, was High Sheriff of that county, and a J.P.; while his two other brothers were officers of the 1st Life Guards, Captain Tom Bulkeley being well known as a director of the Great Western Railway Company, and his son, Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, being one of the late Empress of Austria's pilots in the hunting-field. Captain Bulkeley by his marriage with a daughter of Captain Langford, Military Knight of Windsor, had a large family; and it is an interesting fact that five sons took holy orders, two of whom are dead, while the remaining three are respectively Rector of Morpeth, Vicar of Audenshaw, and the youngest, incumbent of Swindon, Wilts.

The late Dr. Staley, formerly Bishop of Honolulu, was born in 1823, and educated at Cambridge. He took an



Photograph by Russell.

PROFESSOR STUART,

New Lord Rector of St. Andrews University.



Photograph by Russell.

THE LATE BISHOP STALEY.

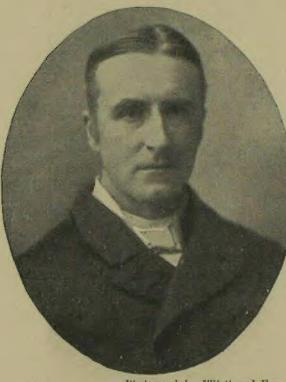
early interest in national education, became Principal of Wandsworth Collegiate School, and was consecrated Bishop of Honolulu in 1860. At that time the enlightened King Kamehameha IV. of Hawaii was anxious to have an Anglican Bishop to whom he could entrust the education of his heir. Bishop Staley was very successful at Honolulu, and to him was due the formation of the leper settlement at Molokai, subsequently made famous by Father Damien. There was trouble about an episcopal endowment, the native Legislature objecting to pay for ecclesiastical services. In 1870 Dr. Staley resigned his bishopric, returned to England, and was appointed Rector of Oakley and Vicar of Croxall.

Dr. Creighton is not only a Bishop; he is an eminent historian. The functions of the two parts were curiously blended in an address which Dr. Creighton gave recently on the subject of "Heroes." In this the historian remarked that there was a distinction between public and private morality, and the Bishop added that he could not tell exactly what it was. Then the historian surmised that a statesman, regarding himself as a trustee of the nation, did things he would not dream of doing for the sake of his own interests. The Bishop made no reply. The situation recalls that Gilbertian scene where a high official, who discharges many conflicting offices, is asked in one capacity to step aside out of hearing of himself in another capacity.

The late Mr. Latimer Clark, who died on Sunday, Nov. 6, was one of the pioneer electricians of the early days of telegraphy.

A native of Great Marlow, Mr. Latimer Clark was trained as an engineer, and served under Robert Stephenson as resident assistant engineer at the building of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges. His next appointment was with the Electric Telegraph Company, and he supervised the construction of many of the chief telegraph lines in the country. In 1854 he introduced the pneumatic despatch tube, so useful an ally to our Post Office. Mr. Clark at length became engineer-in-chief to the Telegraph Company. In 1860 he became partner to Sir Charles Bright. Mr. Clark served on the Government Committee appointed to inquire into the causes of failure which attended early attempts at oceanic telegraphy, and rendered valuable aid from his practical experience and knowledge of the laws of electric currents in submarine cables. In 1861, he and Sir Charles Bright contributed to the British Association a joint paper, which was the means of putting electrical measurement on a firm basis. After the paper was read, Sir William Thomson procured the appointment of a Committee to devise a national system of electrical units. Mr. Clark was one of the founders and fourth President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1889. His age was seventy-six.

Our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, who represented *The Illustrated London News* in the Soudan Campaign of 1896, has been decorated with the Kheif vial medal, with two clasps, inscribed "Hafir" and "Firkat," at which engagements he was present. Mr. Seppings Wright also represented this Journal in the recent Spanish-American War.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. JOSEPH WOOD, D.D.,

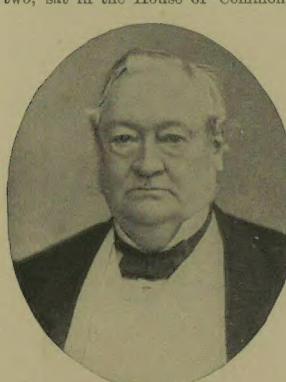
New Head Master of Harrow School.



Photograph by Jacquette.

COLONEL KITCHENER,

Governor of Khartoum.



Photograph by Russell.

THE LATE MR. T. B. POTTER, M.P.,

Founder of the Cobden Club.



Photograph by Russell.

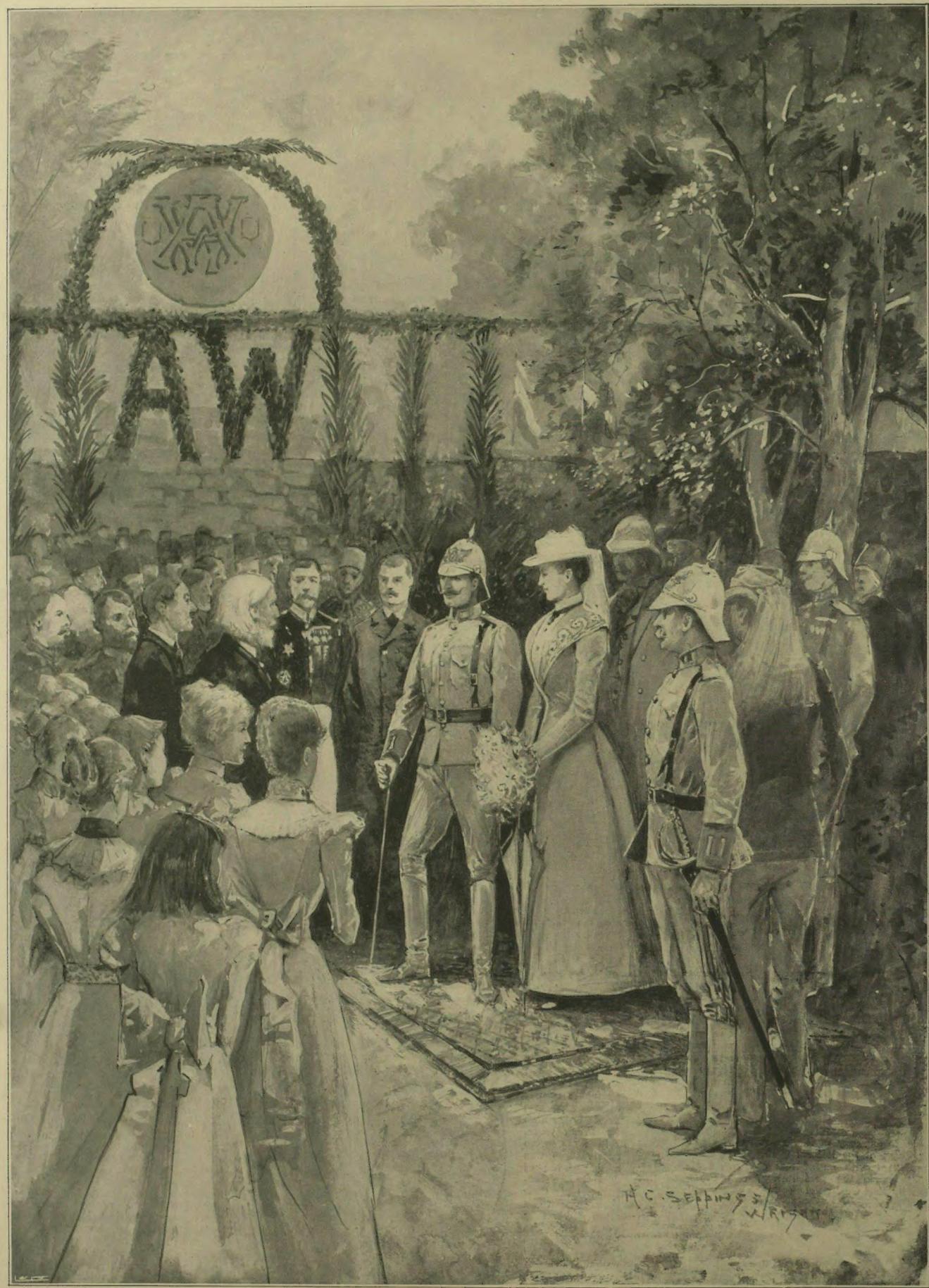
THE LATE VISCOUNT LISMORE.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. LATIMER CLARK.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.



THE GERMAN COLONISTS PRESENTING AN ADDRESS TO HIS MAJESTY AT THE GERMAN CONSULATE, HAIFA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.

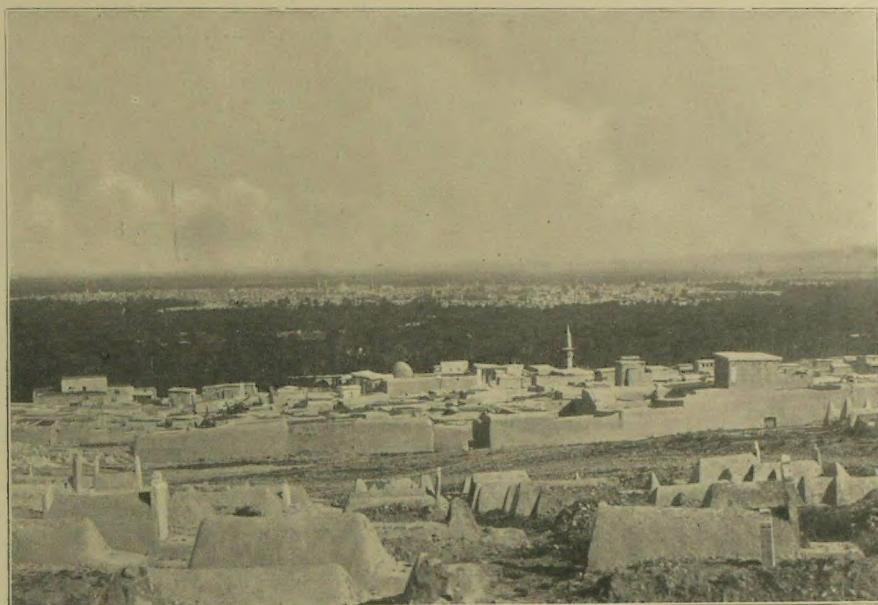
THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.

PALESTINE AND SYRIA OF TO-DAY.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D.

The programme of their Majesties included a visit to Beirut, Damascus, and Baalbek. There are few more beautiful bays on any sea than St. George's Bay, on which Beirut stands. The town, as is seen in one of our Illustrations, lies between the sea and Lebanon. The great limestone ridge, whose colour gives the mountain its name of "Milk-white," is piled high against the blue sky, above the green and brown buttresses which run down from it upon the north of the clear blue bay. It is a glorious landscape and the town has not spoiled it. The houses, of many colours, but mostly white, cluster thick about the harbour, and run south in more scattered ranks through a great wealth of gardens and groves to the long green pinewoods that keep back from it the otherwise easily shifted sands of the coast.

With his arrival at Beirut, the Emperor left behind him the stamp of German industry on Syria, and entered a region which owes most of its material improvement to France. The merchants of Beirut are principally British and Greek, and the famous college and printing-press are American. But inland from Beirut to Damascus the country dates its modern development from the military expedition which, accompanied by a British fleet, Napoleon III. despatched in 1861, after the terrible massacres of Christians in the Lebanon province. The Maronite Church, whose strongholds are upon the ridges of Lebanon to the north and north-east of Beirut, look to the French as their political patrons, and are in constant communication with Rome. There is a Jesuit community, with schools and a printing-press, in Beirut; and so many Jesuits do you meet with on the Mountain that you are tempted to reverse



Photograph by F. Mason Good, Winchfield.

DAMASCUS, THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.



BAALBEK: GENERAL VIEW OF THE TEMPLES.

Juvenal's famous line about the Orontes flowing into the Tiber.

The Lebanon, as a result of the Anglo-French expedition in 1861, enjoys a certain independence of the Sultan. The inhabitants are mostly Christian, the remnants of the Christian populations of Syria, whom centuries of cruel persecution have gradually driven to the ledges and gorges of the great mountain, where the traveller may see their difficult ground terraced and cultivated with results that far surpass those of their Mohammedan neighbours on the richer plains below them. The Pasha of the region has to be a Christian.

Seventy miles inland from Beirut, and to the east of both Lebanons, lies Damascus. It is at first sight a curious position for so great a city, behind two mountain walls, off the natural lines of traffic, and exposed to easy capture upon all its sides. One wonders how this most ancient of towns has continued, in spite of these disadvantages and many ravages and overthrows, in abiding prosperity from the earliest times to the present day. It has seen the rise and fall of all the great empires of the East. It was already ancient when Nineveh and Babylon began to grow great: they are in ruins. Baghdad has faded, Antioch come to nothing, and Jerusalem is still a poor provincial town, while Damascus is a great, populous, and flourishing city. Part of the secret is the river Abana, which, draining the eastern side of Anti-Lebanon, expends its wealth of cold, clear water in raising to fertility a vast stretch of desert, and then dries in a great swamp. But part, too, is the city's situation on the edge of the desert, where with such gifts of fertility it serves as a harbour to the great desert ocean, and a storehouse and armoury for the powerful Arab tribes away to the Euphrates on the east and to the Red Sea on the south. Damascus cannot fade so long as Anti-Lebanon melts its

snows into the Abana, and the desert remains full of hungry and thirsty nomads.

Our Illustration shows at once the beauty and the fitness of the site. The view is taken from the north, from a cemetery upon the low hills, up which one of the suburbs has climbed. You see a white island in the midst of an ocean of verdure. But from this point the verdure appears thicker than it is in reality. When you are down among it you find it composed of gardens, orchards of apricots, avenues of walnut-trees, and even open fields of grain—all springing from the waters of the Abana dissipated over the plain in a thousand channels. Smokeless and noiseless, like all the unpaved cities of the Orient, Damascus rises from the verdure, glistening white in the noonday sun. The city is key-shaped. The handle running into the distance, on the right of the picture, lies along the famous street which continues through the Bawabat Allah, or Gates of God, upon the sacred highway to Mecca.

Baalbek, the subject of our other Illustration, is too well known in its present ruins to require description. As the name implies, there has been a sanctuary here from early Semitic times: and to that far-away date, and possibly to Phoenician enterprise, are due the colossal stones, between 60 ft. and 70 ft. long, and 14 ft. in both of their other sections, which still lie in a part of the building. For the rest, the great columns, the fine temple with the beautifully carved arcade, and the hexagonal court, were built by the Emperor Antoninus Pius, as solidly and as gracefully as almost any other building in the ancient world, and owe their present ruin to a number of sieges during the Moslem period, and to one or two great earthquakes. The situation is level and well watered, on the great valley, or Bekaa, between the Lebanons; and the finest view of the ruins is obtained when you can see between the gigantic columns the long ridge of Lebanon itself.



Photocromic Company, Chapside.

BEIRUT AND THE LEBANON.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.



HIS MAJESTY LANDING AT HAIFA.



HIS MAJESTY VISITING THE CRUSADERS' CASTLE AT CÆSAREA.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OPEN DOOR.

The sun, imbedded in terraced banks of cloud, glimmered like a cinder over Moudon woods; the smoke, drifting across the southern forts, turned to pink and pearl. Soft thunder muttered among the westward redoubts; silvery electric stars pricked the haze that veiled Valérien; the river slipped past misty meadowed shores untroubled by a single keel. The house on the ramparts was very still. Bourke sat in his room by the window, reading. Harewood stood at his window looking out over the valley. Below him, the Prophet, tilted skyward, loomed ominous, swathed in its canvas winding-sheet. A sentinel stood motionless on the parapet, his head turned toward the hazy hills where a thin column of smoke mounted straight up into the still sky. Once a little whirlwind of bugle-music from the Porte Rouge filled the street; once the wind veered and the heavy thunder of the cannonade set the sultry air a-quiver for a while. The expectancy of evening brooded over all, over the massive ramparts, over the fresh grassy thickets on the glacis, in an imperceptible wind that freshened and cooled the face yet scarcely stirred a leaf.

Presently there came a clatter of small *sabots* on the stairs outside, the discreet patter of stocking feet, a knock, a happy whisper; it was Red Riding-Hood, come for her evening visit. Harewood kissed her listlessly. "You bring twilight with you, little one," he said, turning back her thick black curls. "The scarlet ribbon is very becoming; do you know it?"

"Monsieur Bourke gave it to me," said the child, nestling closer to him. "Come, let us sit down, will you?"

Harewood absently drew a chair to the window; Red Riding-Hood leaned against his shoulder. They looked out over the valley in silence.

"I might have been perfect," said Red Riding-Hood presently, "but Mademoiselle Hildé could not give me my lesson to-day."

Harewood answered without turning. "Why?"

"I do not know," said the child, with a little sigh. Harewood bit his lips; his heart turned sick with futile bitterness. "Mademoiselle Hildé will hear your lesson to-morrow," he said, looking from the window.

"To-morrow," repeated the child.

He said nothing more. Perhaps he was thinking of those endless to-morrows, passing, passing, each one troubled as the spreading rings in a pool disturb the placid peace that once reigned there. And he had cast the stone.

"Look at me," said the child. He turned his head, and her dark eyes met his own. "Is it sadness?" she asked. "Yes, little one." She held his hand a moment, then let it drop. He scarcely noticed it; a moment afterward he heard the click of her little *sabots* down the stairs outside. An hour later—a bitter hour—he followed, descending the worn stairs silently, fearing the very silence that he dared not break.

Yolette moved about the dining-room singing to herself in an undertone. He passed into the passage and out to the bird-store where Hildé knelt among the wicker cages.

When she saw him she rose to her knees, hiding her burning face in her hands. He bent close to her and touched the flushed cheeks between the hands. One by one he untwisted the slender fingers, closely interlocked, and at last he raised her head to his. But she would not look at him; her sealed lids pressed the lashes tightly to her cheek.

"Why have you hidden away all day?" he said.

Presently she answered, "Can you ask?" He raised her from her knees; her eyes were still closed, but her white hands stole round his neck. There was silence. When at last he released her, and the quiet

tears had dried in her eyes without falling, she went to the open door and stood there looking out into the west. Earth came back to her slowly through the heaven of their kiss; sounds grew through the music of his voice; she heard the



When Hildé opened it, a feathered whirlwind circled round her head.

cannonade's dull throb, she saw the green tree-tops stirring in the sun.

He came and stood beside her, taking her unresisting hand, that little hand, so small, so smooth, fragrant, and fraught with mystery—a cool white blossom with five slim petals tipped with pink. The beauty of life was upon her; the loveliness of the world was in her eyes—the world, so kind to her, so kind to all—to all! When their silence grew too heavy, too sweet for such young hearts, they broke it; and it broke musically, with the melody of half-caught questions, a sigh, a little laugh re-echoed, pure as the tinkle of two crystal glasses touched discreetly.

When the sun was very low and the level meadows ran molten gold in every furrow, the sparrows, gathered for the night on tree and roof, filled the street with restless chirping that stirred the caged birds in the shop. Linnet answered thrush; finches whistled wisful responses to the free twittering of the sparrows; a little lark rustled and rustled; a blackbird uttered a still thin plaint. And Hildé, who, when her own heart was free, had never understood captivity, now, as she listened, understood; and her own imprisoned heart answered the plaint of the wild caged things. To her half-spoken thought he answered; together they gathered all the feathered wild things into one great cage. The parrot's pale eye was veiled in scorn; the monkey flouted freedom with a grimace, shivering and mouthing as the hundred wings beat at the wicker bars.

Harewood took the cage. Hildé walked beside him, in ecstasy at the thought of freedom given by those who know that something else is sweeter. There was a shrub in flower on the glacis, some late-blooming bush, starred with waxen blossoms breathing perfume. Under this they placed the cage.

When Hildé opened it, a feathered whirlwind circled about her head; there came a rush of wings, a thrilling whirr, and she clasped her hands and stepped forward. Out over the valley the bird-flock rushed, bore to the left, circled, rose, swung back on a returning curve, but always rising higher, higher, until, far up in the deepening evening sky, they floated, and chose their course due south. She watched them driving southward; she could tell the finches by their undulating flight, the thrushes, the clean-winged starlings. She sighed contentedly; she had opened the door of pity when love opened the door to her heart.

"Look," whispered Harewood, "there is one little bird that will not leave us."

"It is dead—God forgive me!" faltered Hildé. A rush of tears blinded her; she knelt on the grass beside it, a frail mound of fluff and feathers, silent and still. "Freedom and death—life is so sweet, so sweet," she whispered. "And somewhere in the south, where the others have gone, there is summer, eternal summer—life, life."

"Winter is close," he answered gravely. With an unconscious movement he drew her to him, bending and searching her changed face.

The wind, too, had changed: there was frost somewhere in the world, and the solemn harmony of the cannon swelled with the swelling breeze; and the breeze stirred a broken feather on the dead bird's stiffening wing.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ANATOMY OF HAPPINESS.

That night they closed the empty bird-store. Harewood lifted the wooden shutters into their place and locked them. Hildé carried the monkey into the dining-room and installed it in a warm corner. Mehemet Ali, the parrot, viewed these proceedings with contempt. It mattered little to him where he passed his pessimistic days; weariness and a vicious melancholy had marked him for their own; even when he ate, he ate as if he were making an ironical concession to the weakness of someone else. Curiosity he had subdued, sinister solitude he courted, and bit when it was denied him. There had been a time in earlier days when he whistled the "Marseillaise" and croaked "Vive l'Empereur." Now for a year he had been mute, brooding in silence among the noisy feathered inhabitants of the bird-store, dreaming, perhaps scheming, for he had the sly, slow eye of the Oriental. He bit Harewood when that young man was bearing him to the dining-room, and, when dropped, diplomatically sidled under a sofa. From this retreat he made daily excursions, mounting all the furniture by aid of beak and claw, sullenly menacing those who approached.

Schénéracézo had not recovered from her fright. The characteristics of the big house-cat had almost disappeared; she cowered when approached, she slunk when she moved; there was a blankness in her eyes, a stealth, almost a menace in the slow turning of her head. Already, in these early days of the siege, milk was becoming too expensive to buy for a lioness; meat also had increased so swiftly in price that Yolette was frightened and haunted the market wistfully, scarcely daring to buy. Vegetables, bread and wine, however, were plentiful; so were proclamations from the Governor of Paris, assuring everybody that the city had ample provisions for months to come. Most people thought that the increase in the price of meat was only temporary, a mere flurry caused by the consummation of an event that was not yet entirely credited—the actual advent of the Prussian army before Paris.

The arrival of the Germans was like a theatrical entrance; the audience was all Paris, the orchestra a thousand cannon. They tuned up by batteries, west, south, and finally north as the vast circle of steel closed closer, closer, and finally welded with the snap of a trap. Then, when the city and outer rings of forts were in turn themselves encircled by a living iron ring, when the full thunder from the battery of the Double Crown was echoed from St. Denis to Mont Valérien, from St. Cloud to Charenton, and again from the south-east, northward to St. Denis, Paris began to understand.

The first futile curiosity, the foolish terror and fear of instant bombardment, died out as the weeks passed, and the crack of the Prussian field-pieces had not yet awakened the echoes of Viroday. The silly proclamations urging the instant tearing up of pavements, the fortifying of cellars, the assuring of a water-supply, were forgotten. People began to realise that it takes months to establish siege-batteries, that for every gun capable of throwing a shell into Paris, the Germans would have to send to

Germany. Fear vanished; how long would it take to convey heavy cannon from Berlin across France to the Seine? And would not the convoys be cut off by the Frans-tireurs, by the provincial armies now organising, by an uprising of outraged people? Surely the very land, the elements themselves, would rise and destroy these barbarians and their wicked cannon. Trochu, the sombre mystic, the Breton Governor of Republican Paris, moved on his darkened way, a flash of tinselled pomp, a shred of pageantry, the last paladin riding back into the gloom of the Middle Ages, seeking light, fleeing light, wrapped to the eyes in the splendid mantle of the Trinity. So he rode, esquied by Faith, dreaming of saints and quests of chivalry, pondering miracles. As a figure for a Gobelin tapestry General Trochu would have been invaluable; in no other capacity, save perhaps in a cloister, would he have been of use in the nineteenth century.

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molten gold in every furrow, the sparrows, gathered for the night on tree and roof, filled the street with restless chirping that stirred the caged birds in the shop. Linnet answered thrush; finches whistled wisful responses to the free twittering of the sparrows; a little lark rustled and rustled; a blackbird uttered a still thin plaint. And Hildé, who, when her own heart was free, had never understood captivity, now, as she listened, understood; and her own imprisoned heart answered the plaint of the wild caged things. To her half-spoken thought he answered; together they gathered all the feathered wild things into one great cage. The parrot's pale eye was veiled in scorn; the monkey flouted freedom with a grimace, shivering and mouthing as the hundred wings beat at the wicker bars.

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Scarcely had the investment of Paris been completed when the humiliating interview at Ferrières between Jules Favre and Bismarck became known to the public. Had Jules Favre carefully considered the matter, had he offered terms—an indemnity, for example, the dismantling of one or two of the eastern forts, the cession of Cochin China and of a few ironclads—doubtless Germany, coerced by Europe, would have accepted. But it was not to be; the poor representative of the Republic left the Prussian headquarters with Bismarck's harsh voice ringing in his ears, and the next day all Paris knew that it was to be a struggle to the death.

Stung again into action, Vinoy, supported by the forts, hurled a division of the 13th Corps on Villejuif and carried it. On the 30th of September, Chevilly and Choisy le Roi were attacked. Again the fatal lack of sufficient artillery nullified the advantage gained at Villejuif; the sphere of action had scarcely been enlarged at all.

From the ramparts of Paris these first engagements under the walls were scarcely visible to the people—scarcely audible, save for the thunder from the supporting forts. A high rampart of dun-coloured mist stretched from the Montrouge fort to Arcueil; beyond it denser volumes of smoke poured up into the sky from l'Hay. At moments the wind brought the crackle of the fusilade through lulls in the cannon din, scarcely louder than the crackle of a bonfire. This was all that the Parisians could see or hear from the southern bastions. Great crowds of women and children watched the infantry passing through the Porte Rouge, the cavalry and artillerymen singing as they rode between dense masses of excited people, who roared back the chorus, "Gai, gai! serrons nos rangs!" to the tune of "Gai, gai! marions nous!"

Hildé, standing at the door, heard them singing at sunrise, caught the distant glint of bayonets, saw the sun, white and fierce, smiting on the polished surface of helmet and breastplate. At night, too, lingering on the steps, she heard the movement and murmur of marching masses; she saw the rockets drifting through the sky, the jewelled string of signal-lamps swinging like a necklace from the Porte Rouge battlements. All day long the Rue d'Ypres rang with the clang of bugles and the vibrating crash of drums; all day long the gunners of the Prophet drilled and manoeuvred and played at firing, but the night came and found the Prophet's lips still sealed and the long bronze fetish motionless, reaching toward heaven in its awful attitude of prayer. Since those early practice-shots that had shattered the window-glass, the great gun had not spoken; yet, all day long, its gigantic mass, thrust out over the ramparts, swung east and west at the monotonous commands, sweeping the points of the compass with the smooth movement of a weather-vane turning in a June breeze. Harewood, locking the dusty wooden shutters for the last time, turned to watch it as it swept to the west, stopped, and sank at the breach as a horse sinks on its haunches. For the hundredth time he thought they were going to fire, and for the hundredth time the only answer to his thought was the gun-captain's mechanical call, "Elevation at fifteen hundred, at two thousand, at two thousand five hundred."

When Harewood had finally locked the shutters, he

climbed up and unhooked the sign of the shop. Hildé watched him without speaking as he lifted the sign-board to his shoulder and carried it into the darkened shop. To Hildé it was the last scene in the prologue of a drama, the drama of a new life just beginning. She went into the shop and looked at the sign that was standing upside down against the wall. "It is one of my landmarks," she said; "they are all going now, one by one. Yesterday my Ste. Hildé of Carhaix fell and broke on the tiled floor; and I shall miss the birds too." She added hastily: "I am glad that they flew away; you must not think I regret anything."

Harewood, standing close beside her, said: "You regret nothing, Hildé?"

After a long while she answered: "Nothing—and you?"

"What have I to regret?" he said in an altered voice, unconscious of the axiom and its irony—unconscious that he stood there, the mouthpiece of his sex, voicing the dogmas of an imbecile civilisation. She bent her head till her white face rested on his shoulder. All the million questions that stir and flutter in a love-wrung heart awakened, trembled on her lips, all that she would know, all that she should know, all that she feared. Yet, of the million questions, she could not utter one, least of all the eternal question, more surely asked and answered in silence. With her love came terror too, lasting the space of a heart-beat, dying out with a quick sigh, a flutter of silken lashes, a parting of scarlet lips divinely wisful.

As for the man beside her, he stood thrilled yet thoughtful, following his thoughts through the dim labyrinths of his heart that beat deeply, heavily, against her yielding breast. What had happened he scarcely comprehended; he only knew that love is sweet. The beginning was already so long ago, so dim, so far away. When had it been? Had they not always loved? And if the beginning of love was already half forgotten, the end loomed vaguer still; the distant future promised nothing yet, a veil of mist, rose-tinged, exquisite, although behind the veil something was already stirring, something he could not shape because he refused to see. Yet it was there; Hildé felt its presence, unconsciously shrinking in her lover's arms, and again the questions stung her lips. "Is it love, love for me? Is it truly love? Is it for ever? Is it truth and faith and constancy, for ever and for ever?" Her breathless lips parted, but no question passed them, and they were sealed again in silence.

Hildé and Harewood moved once more to the door. Night stretched its star-lined tent from the zenith; the moon hung enmeshed in a fathomless film, a tarnished rim of tinsel, pale as a withered leaf. As they stood there Bourke came through the hall with Yolette, bidding them hurry, for dinner was over. Then they went away, close together, and their voices were lost on the dim glacis where the scented shrubbery spread its perfume through the shadows.

Hildé glided silently to her chamber. Harewood waited for her, standing by the table where Bourke's and Yolette's plates had already been removed. Red Riding-Hood came to the kitchen-door with a shy "Good-evening," and when Hildé had returned and seated herself, the child brought dinner and served it with the adoration that serves a shrine. Twice Hildé kissed her, for she needed the love of all now that she had given a love, infinite and innocent, a love that embraced the world and life and death.

"Red Riding-Hood's father has gone with the thirteenth battalion," she said, looking across at Harewood. "I begin to think our little one will always be with us." The child listened with downcast eyes. Harewood smiled at her, and drew her to him. "When did he go?" he asked.

"To-day," replied Red Riding-Hood. "He is a brave soldier."

As the child spoke, her dark eyes glowed, for at last he had been justified in his daughter's eyes, this equalid, drunken father, glorious in the shining garments of resurrection, a home-made uniform with epaulettes. War, the great purifier, had come with blessings to Red Riding-Hood, and the child of Chance, whom Chance had allotted to her father, sewed gilded braid and brave buttons on her father's clothes that he might be fine among the fine, that he might no longer be ashamed among men, that she no longer need be silent when men spoke of honour and virtue and brave deeds and the soldiers of France.

"He will fight until he dies," said the child seriously.

"Pray God he may not die," said Hildé gently.

"He will die," replied Red Riding-Hood, with that quiet conviction that makes children sometimes feared.

Late that night Harewood, sleeping on his tumbled bed, was awakened by Bourke. "Jim, there's a man at the door below; Red Riding-Hood's father is dead."

"Dead?" repeated Harewood.

"He was drunk; he fell from the drawbridge at the Porte Rouge."

Harewood threw on his coat and went gravely to the little room where Red Riding-Hood lay. "Little one," he whispered. She felt for his hand in the darkness, clasped it in both of hers, and pressed her wet face to the pillow. "It was a brave death—a soldier's death," he whispered.

She wept. It was the one pleasure her father had ever given her—his death. She thought of the man himself, and wondered why she wept. Harewood, too, wondered, and she answered his unasked question. "I weep because I have nothing to weep for. Go now, and leave me with my happiness."

CHAPTER XVI.

BETROTHED.

In Paris the days succeeded each other with few incidents and moderate excitement. Suspense had given place to certainty; the city was completely hemmed in by an unseen enemy—unseen save for the smoke of burning villages on the horizon. Yet that enemy had as yet done nothing. Notre Dame and the Tuilleries were still standing; cabs, cars, omnibuses, ran as usual; and the boulevards and *cafés* were thronged.

True, there had been a few alarms in the interior of the city. A petroleum storehouse caught fire on Montmartre through accident; a chemical factory blew up in the Rue

de Vaugirard, and killed some people. Everybody was certain that these fires were of incendiary origin; but probably nobody knew the truth, unless Speyer and Stauffel knew it. There was practically no news from the provinces. Now and then a daring messenger managed to elude the Prussian pickets and creep into the city; but, except for that, Paris was absolutely isolated from the rest of France, so far as receiving news was concerned. But the Parisians could send news by pigeons and balloons; they sent something else, too—a balloon loaded with Monsieur Gambetta, destined to fill the Midi with his *fin-fare* and gasconading—destined to flop in the Prussian drag-net and blind himself and his fellow victims with the turmoil of his own flopping—destined, incidentally, to aid in the disgrace and destruction of a brave incapable, more sinned against than sinning, the innocent, fat-brained scapoose of a frenzied nation, Bazaine. If there ever existed such a thing as a patriotic demagogue, partly genius, partly mountebank, Gambetta must remain the unique example. And yet the court-martial of Bazaine has left a stain that taints the name of Gambetta, and makes it stink a little too.

The courage and splendid fortitude that brightened the gloom of the year of punishment, the terrible chastisement of a guilty nation, was displayed by the army and the people; the leaders, the politicians, the men in high places, the Government, must look elsewhere for eulogy. Thiers, agitated by senile convulsions; Gambetta, bawling nonsense; Rochefort, brilliant and useless as a will-o'-the-wisp (and as easy to catch); Favre, self-effacing, patriotic, unequal to his task; Trochu, sombre, fervidly good, living, amid hallucinations, a monument of martyred indecision—will some historian or writer of fiction (whichever you will) be pleased to gild the letters of these great names? And while the romancer or historian is about it, let him regard the name of Renan as he sits feeding himself at Tortoni's in the starving city, splitting platitudes with de Goncourt. He preaches universal brotherhood; he is on good terms with humanity. Incidentally, he talks much and familiarly about Our Saviour, and eats—eats—always eats.

In the beginning of his career Gambetta created for himself a name. It only took a few weeks to create it; he followed Rochefort's methods with equal success. He was very popular in France; he was a clever lawyer; again and again in the Corps Legislatif he showed himself to be not only an orator but a statesman of a certain kind. In the beginning of the revolution he was useful; he was the hyphen that connected the *parti avancé* and the *bourgeoisie*. He was opposed to Trochu; he sailed away in his balloon to Tours, where he felt that his sphere of action ended only with the frontier. He was mistaken; his

colleagues proved useless; he set up a Dictatorship that ended by sterilising and making ridiculous his former energy. Did this young tribune of the people remember that the greatest glory God can accord to man is the incomparable glory of saving his country? Had he a soul sublime enough for such a mission? And the purity of his intentions, the simplicity of his life, the elevation of his character—were they so notorious that he should be deemed worthy of such an honour? Let France answer.

The third sortie ended in the fire-swept streets of Bagneux, and for the third time since the siege began, the

"We can't run the lines," he said; "we can't send these by pigeons even if we had the pigeons; we might send them in the next balloon."

"I've tried," said Bourke; "it's no go." He flung his own despatches into a corner and lit a cigarette. "As purveyors of war-news," he observed, "you and I are useless, my son, until a sortie is made and the German lines pierced. Then we must be there; we must go out with the next sortie, and, if our troops get through, we must go too."

"How about getting back?" asked Harewood.

"Chance it." Harewood was silent. "You're naturally considering Hilde and Yvette," began Bourke.

"Naturally," replied the other with a tinge of irony.

"So am I. Now, Jim, we are either war-correspondents or we are not. We can do nothing here, that's certain. If we take risks and try to get through the lines, we stand every chance of early and uncomfortable decease; but it's what we're paid for. If we follow the next sortie we may get through with whole skins; that's more to my taste and fairer to our journals. If we stay here, it is true we can chronicle the siege and watch for a hole in the German lines; but in that case I think we ought to send in our resignations and risk selling our stuff outside if we can't get it through beforehand. That's the only honourable course I see: either get out of the city or stay, resign, and turn free-lance. What do you think?"

"I won't leave—for the present," said Harewood, reddening.

"Good," replied Bourke promptly; "neither will I, while these young girls are here alone. Of course I know you'd say that. Our papers will have to wait until we can get a chance to send in our resignations and reasons. That can't be helped; it was a practical mistake for us not to go out of the city when we had the opportunity. It's rough on our journals, but I've decided



Hilde watched him without speaking as he lifted the sign-board to his shoulder and carried it into the darkened shop.

army of Paris retired to the city, having accomplished nothing except a few thousand deaths, highly commended by Olivier Militaire. Bourke, hurrying back to the city, had attempted to telegraph this news by way of Bordeaux. Then, when he had spent the remainder of the day in similar and equally vain attempts, he gave it up and went back to the house on the ramparts, where he found Harewood, his pockets stuffed with unsent despatches, pacing the passage and smoking furiously.

"It's just as I told you," he said, when he saw Bourke; "we're cooped up now for good. If you had listened to me and gone on to Versailles—"

"Oh, shut up," said Bourke pleasantly; "you are no worse off than I am."

Harewood, a little ashamed of his selfish petulance, sat down on the stairs and looked over his despatches.

not to accept last month's salary, and that will square things. I'll not draw another cent either. Have you money, Jim?"

"I've a little money," said Harewood. He took out a note-book and pencil and calculated. Presently he looked up. "We shall need our salaries before the month is up," he observed.

"Then," said Bourke, "one of us must do the work for both; one of us must go out with the next sortie and get through if possible."

"And the other?" asked Harewood slowly.

"The other ought to stay here as long as there is danger. Jim, do you want to stay?" He forced a smile as he spoke. Bourke said nothing. Bourke's embarrassment was increasing; he reddened and stood up.

"Do you care for Hilde?" he asked with an effort.

Harewood did not answer. Bourke unbuckled the spurs from his riding-boots, and walked backward and forward, swinging the leathers till the rowels jingled like tiny chimes. After a moment he came up to Harewood, who was sitting moodily on the stairs. "I should like to stay, Jim—if you don't mind—very much." Harewood did not move. "It is for—*for Yvette*," added Bourke, crimson to the temples; "but if I thought you loved *Hilde*, I would go. If you wish it, I will go to-morrow."

Harewood's face was set and pale; his heart sank under an overwhelming rush of shame, shame for himself, shame because he could not answer the confidence of the comrade, bitter shame that he should be willing to accept a generous man's sacrifice, a man who loved for the first time in his life, and who loved honourably. Bourke continued almost timidly: "I never imagined that *Yvette* was anything to me; I never thought of that sort of thing. It came before I knew it, Jim. You see, I never before cared for a woman." Harewood's strained glance met his questioningly, and Bourke answered: "I have not spoken to her. I don't believe she would listen to me; I scarcely dare think of it. You see, Jim, I'm not attractive."

He broke off abruptly; there was the rustle of a skirt on the landing above, and the sound of a door gently closing.

"They don't understand English," said Harewood; "go on."

"Yes, they do—*Hilde* does," muttered Bourke.

"*Hilde* understands English?" repeated Harewood in dull surprise. He had not even suspected it; suddenly he realised that he had learned nothing of *Hilde*, absolutely nothing, except that she loved him. Bourke slipped his riding-whip into his boot, picked up his despatches, and moved toward the staircase.

"It was Red Riding-Hood; I think I saw her skirt," he said. "Jim, shall I go with the next sortie?"

Harewood turned and mounted the stairs with his comrade. "Come into my room in an hour; I'll tell you then," he said, and left Bourke on the landing.

When Harewood entered his room, he went straight to the mirror. A face looked back at his own, young, firm, a little pale, with tightened muscles under the cheek-bones, and lips compressed. Like painted pictures scenes began to pass, swiftly and more swiftly, before his eyes; and behind each scene he saw the shape of his own face, he saw his reflected eyes immovable in accusation. And once, stung to torture by those eyes fixed condemnation, he raised a menacing hand and pointed at the pointing figure in the glass. "Coward!" he said; but the mirrored shape was voiceless.

Then he went to the bed and sat down; and, an hour later, when Bourke knocked, he opened the door and took his comrade's hands affectionately in his, saying that he would go with the troops, that he was glad and proud that Bourke had chosen *Yvette* for the woman he would marry, wishing him luck and happiness. He spoke lightly of the sortie, expressing his satisfaction at a chance for action and a certainty that all would go well; he spoke of an easy return to Paris, when once the German lines were ruptured and a free passage established; he prophesied his own early return, smiling carelessly when Bourke stammered his thanks and wishes and fears. They sat together consulting maps, sketching routes and probable lines of investment, until the late sunlight sent its level crimson shafts far down the carpetless passage, and the shadows reddened in every corner. Before Bourke left he spoke again of danger, but Harewood smiled and folded up his maps gaily. "You had better look to yourself," he said. "Did you notice the crowds around the bakers' and butchers' shops to-day?"

"Yes," replied Bourke; "Yvette says that prices are going up and many people are buying supplies for months ahead. I think I'll lay in a store of tinned stuff, vegetables and meats, you know. If there should be a famine, things might go badly with us."

"And if Speyer troubles you, what will you do?"

"I don't know," said Bourke; "if it would be safer for *Yvette* and *Hilde*, I suppose we should be obliged to move. But it won't come to that, Jim; they can't turn us out; and, as for their blackguardly threats about the girls, it's too late now to carry them out. The Prussians are here, and nobody can leave the city willingly or unwillingly."

Harewood lingered restlessly at the door, as though he wished to say something more. Bourke understood and nodded gravely. "I needn't say, Jim, that I'll do all I can."

"All I can" meant for Bourke's devotion while life lasted. Harewood knew this. "Nothing can happen in the few days I'll be away, and if I can't get back as soon as I expect—"

"I will do what I can," repeated Bourke.

After a silence they shook hands. Harewood returned to his room, closed the door, locked it, and flung himself face downward on the bed. But he could not even close his eyes, and when Red Riding-Hood knocked he sprang

up and unlocked his door with the relief of a half-stifled man. They exchanged their kiss solemnly; he sat down again on the bedside and took the child in his arms. For an hour he told her stories, wonderful tales of the East and the West, legends of North and South, chronicles of saints and martyrs and those beloved of God; and the burden of every tale was honour.

Twilight spun its grey web over all; sounds grew softer, and the child slept in his arms. He laid her lightly among his pillows, and then went his way down the dim stairs, flight after flight, until he came to the closed door. Again it opened for him, as it had opened once before, noiselessly, and he entered. On the niche in the wall *Ste. Hilde* of Carhaix stood, leaning at an angle, for when she had fallen, feet and pedestal had been shattered on the tiles, and beneath her hung a rosary. He looked slowly around; behind the curtain by the dim window something moved.

"*Hilde*," he said aloud. He scarcely knew the voice for his own; but she knew it; what else should she hear—hear all day, all night, but his voice, always his voice? She came to him through the twilight and laid both hands in his.

"You are going away," she said. She had not heard him say so, there in the hall; she knew it, as women know such things.

"Yes," he said; "I am going away."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes."

She waited for him to speak again, in a terror that dried lip and eye; her knees trembled, a chill crept to her heart. She waited for a word, a single word that meant salvation; she shrank before silence, for silence was her sentence—a sentence without hope, without appeal. After a while her hands fell from his; she moved backward a step; her head brushed the hanging rosary and set the

There was a spot of moonlight in the room; her face was paler. His lips touched the exquisite contour of cheek and brow; he scarcely dared to touch her mouth, the mouth that had been his for the asking, for his pleasure, for an idle smile. Her eyes unclosed; she looked at him listlessly, crushed to his breast. Stunned by her own great happiness, she listened to the words, so long awaited, so long despaired, the words that told her his love was to be for ever and for ever, this love she lived for. She scarcely comprehended; she seemed awake yet swooning. Her head had fallen back a little, with lips parted and eyes never moving from his own.

"For ever and for ever, together, always together, to love, to hold, to cherish, to honour!" Ah, *Hilde*, "to honour," that is what he is saying; can you not hear? "Life of my life, heart of my heart, breath of my breath, for ever and for ever, to love, to hold, to cherish, to honour."

Her eyes unclosed. "All that was yours at our first kiss," she said.

They were standing by the window, where the moonlight transfigured a face so pure, so exquisite, that the hot tears of repentance blinded him and he could not see until she dried them, grieving at his grief, whispering consolation, forgiving with a caress, a pale smile, that mirrored the adoration in his eyes. When two souls meet, the purer absorbs the other and the stains of life are washed away. Into her spirit had come the strength and knowledge that are needed to bear the burden of a lesser spirit; she it was who would lead henceforth, and he knew it. Young, yet world-worn, he sought her guidance, he craved her spiritual purity. She wept a little, standing very still, when he told her that he must go with the troops, that either he or his comrade must act as bread-winner for them both. He made it clear to her that it would not be honourable to accept money and make no effort; he told her that he wished to do this for his comrade because the sacrifice was necessary. As he spoke he longed to believe that his unselfishness might make him more worthy of her, and she divined his thought and smiled through her tears, saying that he was all her life and hope and happiness, that he was brave and noble and good. He said that his comrade was all that; he made her promise not to tell *Yvette* until he returned, because, if *Yvette* and Bourke knew that they were betrothed, Bourke would insist on sacrificing himself. "He would not let me go; he is so generous. *Hilde*, my darling, I must do this thing for his sake, for *Yvette*'s sake."

"Yes, I shall weep no more."

He smiled with that perfect happiness that self-sacrifice brings. "Does *Yvette* love him?"

"I don't know."

"And did you think I loved *Yvette*, sweetheart?"

"Yes—did you?"

"No," he said.

"And now?" Their eyes met. "And now?" she sighed, trembling with happiness.

His arms encircled her slender body; he whispered, "My *Hilde*—" and then stopped.

There came a tapping at the window. He turned his head slowly; the window opened, a face looked in. It was the Mouse, haggard, bloody, blinking at them with his blind eye.

(To be continued.)

RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR PENRYN.

On the evening of Monday, Oct. 31, a peculiar railway accident occurred near Penryn, when the mail-train for London, which had left Falmouth at 5.20, left the rails and toppled right over an embankment. The train began to oscillate violently, and at last—to quote the statement of a passenger—those travelling by it found their heads where their heels should have been. The engine was turned quite upside down, and the carriages turned over on their sides. The injury done to the passengers was fortunately slight; but Cottrell, the engine-driver, was so badly scalded that he died. The fireman, curiously enough, escaped with a severe shaking; and, with one exception, the passengers' injuries were confined to cuts, contusions, and shock. Cottrell had been for many years a servant of the Great Western Railway Company, and was rated a first-class driver. Our Illustration shows the extraordinary position of the engine, and will make it manifest to all concerned how wonderful was the escape of the fireman.

The death of Mrs. Langworthy and the suicide of Mr. Langworthy make a tragic end to one of the strangest romances of our time. Mr. Langworthy married Miss Mildred Long in Normandy, and then repudiated the contract. After much hardship, his wife brought an action, and recovered very large damages—£20,000 for herself and £500 a year for the maintenance of her child. The cynical cruelty of the man and the still more revolting heartlessness of his mother cannot easily be forgotten. Years passed away, and now the world learns that Mr. Langworthy became reconciled to his wife, and that her death has driven him to take his own life. No writer of fiction could surpass that!



THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR PENRYN: THE OVERTURNED ENGINE.



'THE MUSKETEERS.' AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. TABLEAUX I., II., AND III.

See "The Playhouses."

THE BRITISH NAVY:
HOW IT STANDS TO-DAY.

BY JOHN LEYLAND.

It is certainly a proud reflection for Englishmen at this time that their fleet is equal to its high traditions. If it never fire a shot, yet will a brilliant victory have been attained. We forget too often that the British Navy has many a time worked out will by the steady pressure of its very presence upon the Powers. But if, unhappily, there should still be war, we may be sure the Navy will give as good an account of itself as ever in the days of its most splendid achievements. When the history of these times comes to be written, few things will call for greater note than the extraordinary revival of public interest in the Navy. It has needed no catastrophe, and not even a demonstration of extreme peril, to give us that fleet which we look upon with so much pride to-day. Rather have the Government and people been brought to a knowledge of the vital necessity of the possession of maritime power to these islands, and to the Empire, by the calm processes of reasoning. It is well that it should have been so; for a result thus attained lies in it the elements of permanence and stability, arising from the coherent and continuous policy of successive Governments.

The naval spectacle we have been witnessing of steady preparation for eventualities is very impressive. Everything marches to its end with machine-like precision. There is no sign either of panic or flurry. Ships arrive at the ports and are docked and overhauled, men are drafted

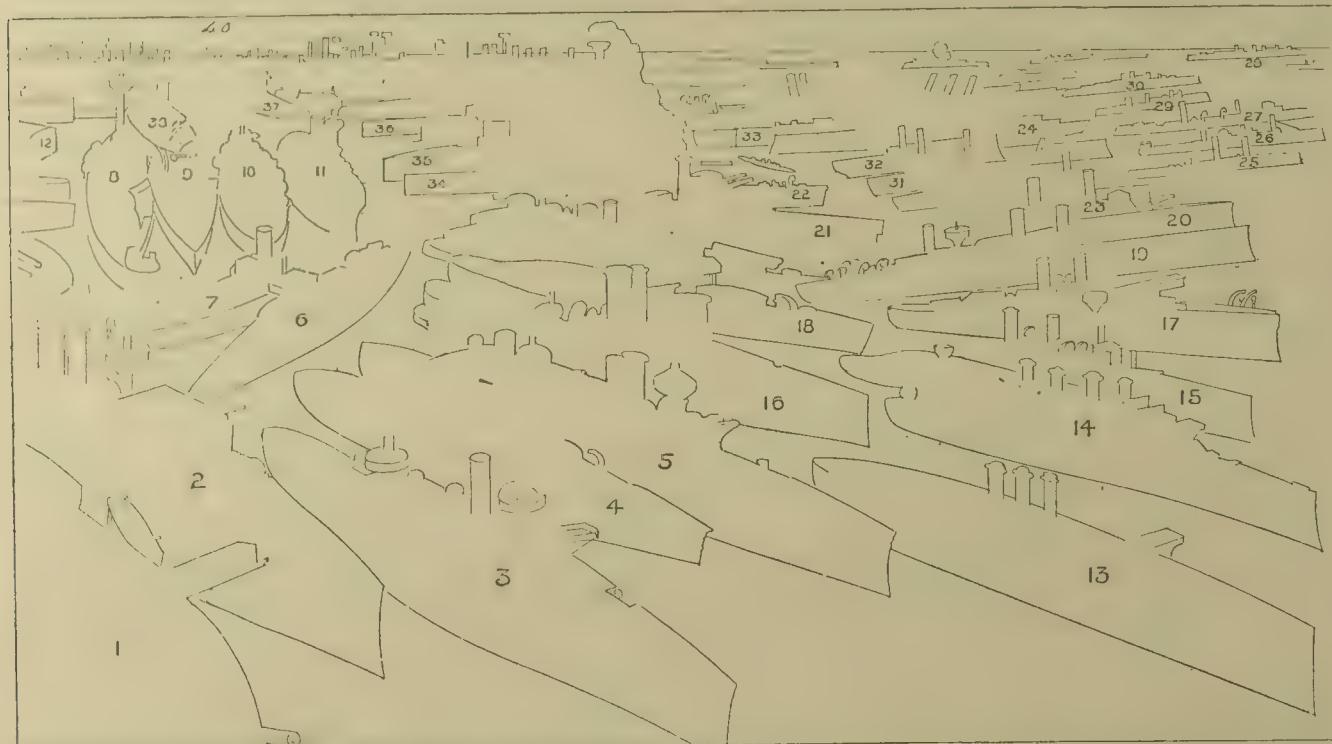
The special squadron formed from the coast guard-ships is an excellent and serviceable force. Such vessels as the *Howe*, *Benbow*, *Thunderer*, and *Nile*, though they do not rival in power of armament, in endurance, and in other qualities the ships which are serving in the Channel and Mediterranean, compose a force of remarkable strength and exceeding value. No other Power in the world, having placed in commission all its most modern vessels, can muster anything even distantly comparable to such an array. Nor is this squadron merely a force of older battleships. We have abundant cruisers to attach to it, or to send upon other service, and we can mobilise a crowd of destroyers to take their part.

Then there are others of the still older ironclads in the fleet reserve which can easily be brought forward for commissioning, all capable of forming a sound line of defence behind the more modern vessels. Many of them, it is true, like the *Achilles*, *Cyclops*, *Hercules*, *Invincible* and *Invincible*, and the *Hotspring*, which is at Bermuda, are still armed with muzzle-loading guns. The Admiralty has often been taken to task for making no haste to remedy this state of things. Undoubtedly these vessels would be far more valuable if their old guns were replaced by modern breech-loaders; and the small quick-firers which have been mounted in some of them cannot make good the deficiency. The Admiralty, however, have acted upon a principle for which there is very much to be said. They contend that it is better to build new ships, fitted in every way to cope with the most powerful vessels afloat, than to expend the money in

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Moule, the most scholarly leader of the Evangelical party, writes to the *Record* urging that Evangelical clergymen should study. "There is a great need in that direction. Too many Evangelicals of later generations have neglected study in the line now so important. They have, I fear, let themselves get out of all living knowledge of the Reformation literature, even of the Reformation history. It is not common now to find a young clergyman who knows anything about the Continental Reformation at all, and too often what is known by junior Evangelicals about the English Reformation is derived from books written by men totally out of sympathy with it." Dr. Moule declines to enter into any round-table conference. He is not prepared to reconsider the ground principles of the Reformation, and thinks that such a discussion might involve Evangelicals in even greater complications than the present. The *Record* itself says that it is not for loyal churchmen at large to enforce discipline upon self-willed clergy. This is the task of the Bishops. It is an unpleasant and a thankless task, but since the majority of the Bishops have now spoken out decisively, they must act. They must rule their dioceses and safeguard the people from the folly of the self-willed or the honest errors of their clergy. The laity look for the Bishops to do this, and they ought not to look in vain.

On the other hand, the High Church organ, the *Church Times*, argues that obedience due to an individual Bishop is strictly limited by the terms in which the authority is



KEY TO SUPPLEMENT, "TYPES OF THE BRITISH NAVY."

from depots and distant stations, coal is taken on board, with ammunition and all necessary stores, and the vast business goes forward with the utmost regularity and ease. We can well remember when things were very different. At the time when war seemed imminent with Russia thirteen years ago, we had no such homogeneous squadrons in either the Mediterranean or the Channel as we have to-day. We had not then that splendid class of battleships which is represented by the *Royal Sovereign* in those waferes where Nelson watched in his *Victory* so long. We had no such ships as the *Mars* and *Prince George* in the Channel.

In Chinese waters there was nothing to be compared with the smaller battle-ship *Centurion*. Still less had we any cruiser like the *Powerful*, the *Crescent*, or the *Diadem*. The splendid flotilla of destroyers, of which the *Hornet*, *Hunter*, and *Ranger*, of the Portsmouth flotilla, illustrated in the picture, are examples, had not been thought of. Hastily, and with abundant energy and prodigious labour, we mobilised a curiously miscellaneous reserve squadron, in which almost every class of vessel then in the service was represented. The homogeneity we now possess, which is a feature of especial value, has only been attained by the prosecution of a continuous policy, and the steadiness and regularity with which our fleet is made ready speaks volumes for the sound and little-observed work of all concerned in naval affairs.

modernising old vessels which sooner or later would have to be condemned. It is certainly no sound argument on the other side to adduce the practice of France in rearming her old battle-ships, for France has not the means whereby to build great numbers of ships, and in such a case partly to rebuild her older vessels is probably sound policy. But for us there can be no half measures, since the Navy is to us the primary necessity even of national existence, and we must spare no effort to make it sound in every modern respect. Then it should be remembered that by the time our old ships were called upon for active service our enemy would surely have been worsted, or at any rate could only have most venerable vessels left to oppose to them.

But we are not depending upon obsolete or obsolescent vessels. We have a well-grounded confidence that the efforts made during the last fifteen years have given us a fleet that is invincible. We have many battle-ships building, as well as a number of splendid armoured and other cruisers, and a flotilla of destroyers; and the inexhaustible maritime resources of the country would enable us to sustain a powerful Navy, however much a war were prolonged, or whatever forces were brought against us. At the same time we should still be penetrated with the thought that in the presence of jealous and eager rivals there can be no relaxation of effort for us.

conferred, and in which obedience to it is enjoined. The Bishop who endeavours to rule his diocese according to his own prejudices should be disobeyed in deference of the higher authority to which bishops and priests are alike subject. The autocratic rule of one man is as intolerable, in its way, in a diocese as in the whole Church. Further, the duty of obedience to the decisions of a court depends upon the source of the authority of that court; and Catholics will obey the Ecclesiastical Courts when they are properly reconstructed, not by Parliament, but by the Church.

The Right Rev. Cecil Wilson, Bishop of Melanesia, is engaged to the daughter of the Bishop of Christchurch.

A remarkable census has been taken in Liverpool by the *Daily Post*. The results were of the usual depressing character. In Liverpool the population must be about 650,000. The total attendance in the Church of England was only 22,927 in the morning, and in the evening 33,895. The Evangelicals are very much in the majority, but the High Church seems to make rather more progress. No census was taken of the Nonconformist Churches. When only one person out of thirty is present in the Church of England on a Sunday morning, churchmen of every school have something to think about very seriously.

A REMARKABLE SALE.

Sales are of everyday occurrence in the West-End. It might be truthfully said that they are of everyday occurrence even in connection with certain trades. In the case of some firms, who know how to work upon the average woman's love of a bargain, the sale season begins on Jan. 1 and ends on Dec. 31. It is not with sales of this stereotyped pattern that we are concerned to-day. Our business is to draw the attention of the readers of this Journal to a sale of an altogether exceptional—in many respects of a unique—kind. An opportunity which is not likely to occur again is afforded of buying choice examples of high-class modern furniture which at no distant day will become historic. Messrs. Collinson and Lock, of Oxford Street, are offering a large portion of their artistic and beautiful stock under conditions which cannot fail to attract all who desire to combine with tasteful furnishing a permanent and improving investment.

This firm, whose reputation as art manufacturers is so well known, has recently amalgamated with Gillows, and the fusion of interests has made it desirable for the two businesses to be henceforth carried on under the same roof. Preliminary to the removal of Collinson and Lock to Gillows, a special sale is taking place on their present premises, and the occasion gives the public an opportunity of buying examples of their choicest and most characteristic work at prices considerably under the cost of manufacture.

The masterpieces of the art of furnishing that adorn the galleries at 76, Oxford Street, really form one of the sights of London; so large is the collection and so rich is it in various schemes of artistic treatment. Some of the carving is reminiscent of Grinling Gibbons, while the cunning marqueteries of choice woods and ivories are incomparable. At every turn there is a profusion of the finest things in furniture; not only work of original design, but numerous copies of the great work of the old masters, reproduced with astonishing fidelity and feeling. People have grown tired of the shams palmed off upon them as "real old" Chippendale and Sheraton, and are ready enough to acquire honest copies of indisputably authentic specimens—copies that resemble the original work as closely as human skill and artistic feeling can make them—especially at a cost which is really within the means of everybody who is anybody at all.

All these works of art, in the form of cabinets, tables for every possible use, wardrobes, chairs—from the Oriental divan to the daintiest drawing-room lounge—settees, sofas, mirrors, mantelpieces, screens,

clocks, lamps, candelabra, and a thousand and other things, ranging in style from the time of François Premier and our virgin Queen Elizabeth, through the period of the Louis and our own Stuarts and Georges,

mentioned, under the actual cost of production. Decorative fabrics form a feature of the sale. Many of the antique brocades and tapestries are unique specimens of embroidery of great interest to connoisseurs. The stock of modern silks and brocades, probably the largest and finest in the kingdom, consists in the main of registered designs, the exclusive property of the firm. Of special interest is the fact that Collinson and Lock largely supplied Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry with curious silks for some of their historic robes and dresses.

It must not be supposed that the whole of the objects are of an expensive character. So far from this being the case, it will be found that many of the choice bits are within the purchasing compass of people of only moderate means. No one who contemplates furnishing, or adding to his or her present assortment, should miss this opportunity. There is a very complete collection of bed-room suites in different styles, and made of different woods, all of them stamped with the mark of good style and good workmanship. This is a feature of the sale which is naturally commanding a good deal of attention. It is, however, impossible to concentrate notice upon any particular section, since all are full of distinction and interest. No such collection of furniture has been offered in London on such conditions for many years, and no such collection is likely to be offered under similar conditions again.

Are we not right in saying that this is a remarkable sale? No such chance of picking up really high-class work on specially favourable terms is likely to occur again. Collinson and Lock's work is bound in time to become as precious and as eagerly sought after as the historical productions of the masters of the eighteenth century. The furniture bought at the sale must therefore increase in value; and those judges who are far-sighted enough to secure examples of Collinson and Lock's best work will, in many cases, no doubt, live to see their investment show at least the potentiality of an important pecuniary profit. The opportunity is unique for the man of taste and culture to enrich his home by the acquisition of these fine specimens of the cabinetmaker's art. A catalogue has been prepared in a style *de luxe*, comprising some

fifty-four pages of text, with choice half-tone full-page illustrations, reproductions of photographs taken for the purpose; but no catalogue can do justice to the splendid collection to be seen in the galleries of the firm.



A HALL BY COLLINSON AND LOCK

down to the diverse fancies and artistic conchits of the present-day Renaissance, are being sold at what may be called "popular prices"—so popular, indeed, that in many cases they are, as already



FURNITURE AT COLLINSON AND LOCK'S.

LADIES' PAGE.

The colours most in vogue in "the world of dress," as the choice is revealed, prove to be unusually light for the winter, bright reds, vivid violets, that rich shade of magenta known as jacquemot, and blues of a deep, full tone. They are all so much trimmed or embroidered with black as greatly to modify their brightness. There is quite an absurd run upon what we call here "true-lovers' knots," which the French know as "Louis XV. knots." They are placed upon innumerable hats, and form the sole design of endless embroideries. They are cut out of taffeta or velvet, and applied on other materials, or they are twisted in the course of applications of lines and rows of braid or of velvet ribbon. In satin ribbon, too, they are effectively made by first drawing the ribbon at each edge to form a not very thick ruche, and then disposing it in the knot shape over a layer of cotton wool, so that it stands up in relief; this should not be done with velvet, as it has a heavy appearance. The backs of bodices and both backs and fronts of skirts are trimmed with Louis XV. knots of diverse sizes. If put on the back of a jacket the first knot should be at the top, extending nearly from the one arm-hole to the other; the second smaller, in the middle of the back, and the third comparatively tiny, just above the waist.

Sequin trimmings appear to be as much used for winter evening dresses as they were for the season ones. Innumerable really beautiful passementeries in this style are produced for evening wear. Paillettes of jet are mixed now a great deal with steel, some jet passementeries are lit up with tiny pearls, and others have *cabochons* of coral, of imitation turquoise, or of amethyst intermixed. A collar and a deep belt of such a bright and beautiful trimming suffice to make a pretty "small dinner" or theatre toilet out of what otherwise would be a simple high-cut black dress. Crêpe de chine, or fish-net, or grenadine thus decorated becomes dressy at once. In like manner, a plain black low bodice can be smartened into a pretty demi-toilet by broad reverse or collar covered with such a trimming, or even by a band laid round the décolletage and the waist; a harmonising fringe hanging nearly from bust to waist adds to the up-to-date effect.

Our Illustration this week shows a smart outdoor garment, giving the fashionable combination of fur with velvet. The velvet coat has an appliquéd design of thick corded silk, outlined with tinsel braid, and the shaped flounce, fronts, and collar and cuffs to match, are of sable.

Modern curiosity and enterprise are unveiling at the present day records that have remained hidden mysteries for many centuries. The cuneiform inscriptions from the Babylonian tablets now in the British Museum that have been deciphered give singular details of the life of that



A FASHIONABLE COAT OF VELVET AND FUR.

ancient people between 2000 and 3000 years B.C. Polygamy prevailed, and Mrs. Jackson, of Clitheroe, would have had a bad time before a Babylonish court of law, inasmuch as it was provided that if a woman endeavoured to repudiate her husband she might be thrown from a high place or drowned, while a man had the power to repudiate his wife with no further difficulty than returning her dowry. On the other hand, it was provided that all the children of each wife should be regarded as her children only, and women had absolute freedom to hold property, to trade, and to carry on legal proceedings. In Egypt some most interesting details about the position of women have recently been unveiled by the Egyptian Exploration Fund, which has cleared out and set up again as far as possible the Temple of Hatshepsut, which is on the other side of the Nile from the great and famous Temple of Thebes. Much trouble was given to the explorers in the first instance by two circumstances. One was that this great Queen invariably had herself represented in the State costume of a King—that is to say, with the square false beard and singular head-dress and skirt which may be seen upon the royal figures reproduced in the Crystal Palace; the other was that her successor meanly and elaborately erased, all over the temple, and wherever else he could find it, her portrait and her cartouche or special signature! But by degrees a wonderful personality has been unveiled. It is found that this magnificent temple was erected by a Queen who, like our own Elizabeth, maintained herself in power till her death, although she was during the whole time menaced by innumerable foes, and her throne was sought by a person of very great ability and energy—Thothmes III., that same stepson who after her death avenged upon her images the success which she had had over him during her life. Her remarkable character is shown not only by her achievements, both in building and in sending expeditions for trade to parts unknown, but also by the fact that her father, Thothmes II., a notably able ruler, chose her to share his throne during his lifetime, although he had at least one son living. The portraits unveiled in this temple by the Egyptian Exploration Fund show a very noble type of female face, with a broad brow, a large nose, and a singularly sweet expression of the mouth. The lecturer, Mr. N. de Garis Davies, was obliged to admit that, owing to the jealous destructions of Thothmes III., it was not quite certain that this was the portrait of Hatshepsut, but it is, at any rate, a singularly interesting delineation of some Egyptian woman of high importance, being taken from the walls of Hatshepsut's Temple, Der-el-Bahri.

Under the Inebriates Act, which comes into force with the beginning of next year, it is provided that committees shall be appointed specially to make rules for the management of the new Reformatory Homes, and to lay down regulations under which they shall receive contributions from the State. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Chief Secretary for Scotland, has, we are glad to notice, nominated a lady, together with four gentlemen of standing, as a committee under the Act for Scotland. The lady appointed is Miss Flora Stevenson, a well-known member of the Edinburgh School Board.

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The "C" Burner gives a light of 50 to 60-candle power, with a consumption of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ cubic feet of gas per hour.

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trust, for his children, but advances made to them are to be taken in part payment of their shares.

The will (dated May 7, 1898) of Mr. Robert Ferguson, F.P., D.L., of Morton House, Carlisle, M.P., for Carlisle 1874-85, who died on Sept. 1, was proved at the Carlisle District Registry on Oct. 19 by Frederick William Chance and Joseph Selby Chance, the nephews and executors, the value of the estate being £51,749. The testator gives £200 to his sister, Annie Gross; £100 to his sister-in-law, Ellen Ferguson; £100 each to his executors; £100 each to the children of his nephews and nieces; £3000 to his niece Louisa Calthorp; £2000 each to his nieces Annie Elizabeth Chance and Mary Catherine Chance, his nephew Edward Ferguson Chance, and between the children of his niece Isabella Gross; £4000 to his nephew Frederick William Chance; £3000 to his nephew Joseph Selby Chance; and he charges part of his property with the payment of £200 per annum to Constance Anster and Mary Helen Anster and the survivor of them. He further gives £50 each to the Cumberland Infirmary at Carlisle, the Silloth Convalescent Institution, and the Carlisle Home for Incurables. All his real, and the residue of his personal, estate he leaves to his nephew Frederick William Chance.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1896) of Mr. Henry Lee, F.R.C.S., senior consulting surgeon to St. George's Hospital, of 61, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park (late of 9, Savile Row, W.), who died on June 11, was proved on July 21 by his widow, Mrs. Marion Lee, the sole executrix,

the value of the estate being £46,948 6s. 4d. Having during his lifetime made some provision for his three daughters by his first marriage, Madame Fanny Byse, Miss Annie Louisa Lee, and Miss Alice Lee, the testator bequeaths to each of them a legacy of £2000 free of duty. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1893), with two codicils (dated Jan. 27, 1896, and March 15, 1897), of Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, of 33, Augusta Gardens, Folkestone, formerly of 28, Park Lane, M.P. for Derby 1868-80, who died on June 3 last, was proved on Nov. 3 by Mrs. Harriet Frankish Plimsoll, the widow, Lennox Wainwright, and Richard Willing Wade, the executors, the value of the estate being £40,849, and the net personal £19,633. The testator gives the silver tea and coffee service and the large silver tray presented to him at Derby, and the large oil-painting given to him by the Seamen and Firemen's Union to his wife; the Bible given to him by Mr. Nettleship, the silver service given to his late wife at Sheffield, and the silver ship presented to her at Liverpool, to his adopted daughter, Ellen Mary Anne Plimsoll; the silver ship sent to him from Australia and the gold-mounted Bible presented to him in London to his son, Samuel Richard Cobden Plimsoll; the picture called "To the Rescue," the engraving of the ship *Samuel Plimsoll*, and the complete set of Crown Derby china presented to him in Derby to his daughter, Ruth Ward Plimsoll; the silver chalice presented to him at Sheffield and the boxwood desk given to him by a ship's

captain to his daughter Eliza Harriet Plimsoll; his furniture and household effects, carriages and horses, as to two thirds to his wife and the third to his adopted daughter, and £100 to Russell Spencer. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to six twentieths to his wife, and the ultimate residue between his three children and his adopted daughter in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1898) of Mr. Alfred Heales, of Leesons, Chiselhurst, and formerly of Doctors' Commons, Proctor, F.S.A., F.R.S.L., Hon. A.R.I.B.A., who died on Oct. 8, has been proved by Mrs. Annie Emily Heales, the widow, Burroughs Dickie Kershaw, and Albert Charles Hunter, the executors, the value of the estate being £46,881 3s. 5d. After confirming his marriage settlement, the testator gives the gold "In suu" memoriam medal presented to him by H.M. the King of Sweden and Norway to his son, Alfred George Heales, and legacies to his wife and executors. The residue of his property he leaves as to two thirds to his wife and one third, upon trust, for his son.

The will (dated March 18, 1897) of Mr. Frederick Mortimer, of Dell Field, Watford, and formerly of 239, Uxbridge Road, who died on July 18, was proved on Oct. 29 by Mrs. Clara Mortimer, the widow, Frederick William Mortimer, the son, and Frederick Charles Fisher, the executors, the value of the estate being £36,778. The testator bequeaths his house, with the furniture and effects therein, all the policies of insurance on his life, and any

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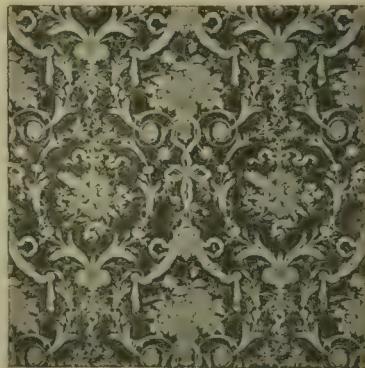
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money at his private account at his bankers, to his wife, and she is also to receive during her life the income of £16,000 and of No. 36, Conduit Street. At her decease he gives £6000, and 36, Conduit Street, to his daughter, Mrs. Clara Elizabeth Fisher, and £10,000, upon trust, for his son, Henry Thomas Mortimer. He also bequeaths £1000, upon trust, for Millicent Jane Collier for life, and then to his daughter, Mrs. Fisher. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 10, 1898) of Colonel Henry Levett Boscowen Ibbetson, J.P., of Pleydell House, Castle Hill Avenue, Folkestone, who died on May 26, was proved on Oct. 27 by Henry Stopford Ram and Edward Charles Fache, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,023. The testator gives one half of all his property to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Adelaide Ibbetson, absolutely, and the other half is to be held upon trust for her for life, and then as she shall by deed or will appoint to their children.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1898) of Mr. Edmund Craster, Craster, J.P., of Beadnell Hall, near Chathill, Northumberland, who died on Aug. 31, was proved on Oct. 27 by the Rev. Thomas Henry Craster, the brother, and Robert Conway Dobbs, the executors, the value of the estate being £14,882. The testator gives £1500 and certain furniture and effects at Beadnell Hall to his sister Elizabeth Hannah Isabel Craster, and, during such time as she shall reside there, the use and enjoyment of his pictures: "The Shepherds at Bethlehem," by Bassano, "The Three Peasant Boys," by Murillo, the portrait of Lady Frances Pierpoint, by Enoch Siemann, and the

portrait of the first Duchess of Portland, and subject thereto he settles the said pictures on his nephew, Thomas William Craster. He also gives part of his silver-plate to his nephew, and £100 each to his nieces, Amy Margaret Rawlings and Sibyl Margaret Craster, and his nephews, Edmund Stanhope Craster and William Cary Dodd. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1890), with two codicils (dated Oct. 10, 1891, and Nov. 24, 1892), of the Hon. Dame Caroline Esther Proctor Beauchamp, of 3, Cromwell Road, widow of Sir Thomas William Brograve Proctor Beauchamp, who died on July 3, was proved on Oct. 26 by Sir Reginald William Proctor Beauchamp, Bart., the son, and John Edward Kynaston Studd, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £5309. The testatrix appoints the funds of her marriage settlement between her children—Ida Caroline Drury Lowe, Hilda Studd, Constance Douglas, Montague Harry Beauchamp, and Maud Hayter. The residue of her property she leaves to her children.

The will of Mr. John Land Teage, of Kitterley Court, Kingswear, Devon, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Oct. 26 by John Carey Forster, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £5023.

Messrs. J. Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick Lane, send us a selection of their back-loop pocket diaries for 1899—pretty books, many of them suitable for the waistcoat-pocket, and all of them reminding us that another year is nearing its close.

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Kaiser Wilhelm II. is, we know, by no means without poetical feeling, though he has not practised the art of poetry to the extent his great ancestor Frederick did. On the other hand, his aspirations to be a military leader are as patent to the world at large as were those of the hero of the Seven Years' War; hence many people have wondered in what light he would look upon the land which held the "cradle of Christianity." Devout and fervent believer as Wilhelm II. professes to be, and probably is, one may yet have reasonable doubts whether that sentiment alone made him undertake the journey to the Holy Land.

Not to mince words, the excursion of the Kaiser is mainly a political one: it was intended to checkmate, if



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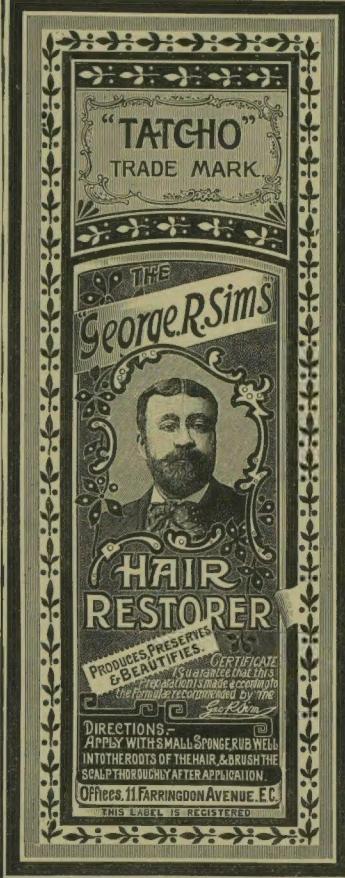
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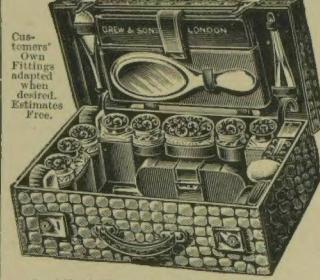
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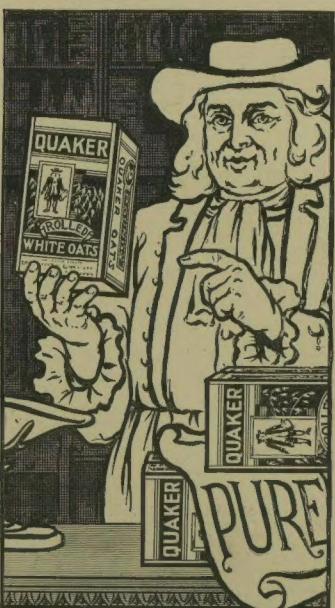
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possible, the growing influence of the Russians in Palestine, and to show the gradually increasing colonies of Germans of all creeds that they could count upon their Emperor's protection in times of prosperity as well as in possible times of adversity. The Government of St. Petersburg has many and varied means of furthering its Eastern policy, and its Church is not the least powerful instrument.

Of course I am not concerned here with the political import of the Kaiser's voyage, for practically the country visited lies beyond my sphere. But I am under the impression that the reader would like to be told some few details—I can only give a few—of the Kaiser's frequent travels, which involve not only an enormous amount of work on the officials, but an enormous outlay. For even

throughout the length and breadth of the German Empire Wilhelm pays well for his constant flittings. For the use of engines and running power the administration of his Majesty's household pays a sum calculated upon existing tariffs to the State. The calculation is mainly based on the number of axles or, to be correct, wheels of the train, and as it generally consists of nine carriages, exclusive of the tender and engine, the expenses are considerable, amounting in many cases to between 3000 and 4000 marks.

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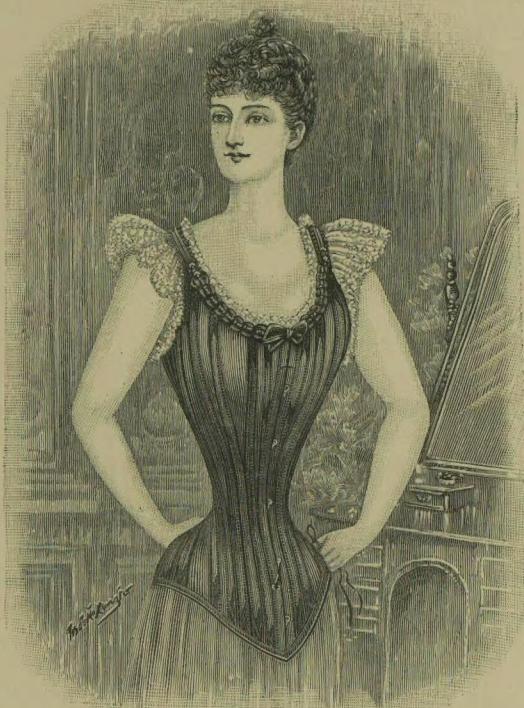
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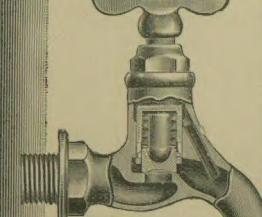
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9. Car for kitchen and other utensils. All this sinks into insignificance compared with the *Hohenzollern*, of which I must treat at some future opportunity.

MUSIC.

Richter has now completed his autumn series of concerts at the Queen's Hall, under the customary direction of Mr. N. Vert: he has not done very much, perhaps, to persuade us of the novelty of his methods, for the programmes have been sedulously chosen from an essentially antique point of view. We had all the old Wagner extracts repeated in what was, we fear, a far too habitual manner; and we had a batch of well-known symphonies. On the occasion of the last concert, too, the programme was really far too long.

At the Albert Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 2, Madame Melba, once more under the direction of Mr. Vert, gave a grand concert, supported by a number of very distinguished singers. So far as we remember, this was the first occasion of a Melba concert being held on the Albert Hall scale; and the fame of this fine singer sufficed to attract to the hall a fairly ample audience. She herself sang for her first song the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor," which she gave with splendid distinction and success. Her voice was at its best—as strong, as gentle, and as warm as the south wind. There is a living quality about it which is particularly engrossing, and a flexibility and an ease which make it wonderful in its beauty and in its sympathetic quality.

If only she would sing better songs! She seems content with anything that comes to her hand, so long as it is suited to her compass.

The second Saturday Popular Concert of the season was, we should imagine, sufficiently gratifying in its practical results to please thoroughly everybody who has an interest in their renewal. Schubert's Quartet in A minor was most beautifully played, as it deserved; for indeed it is a composition of the most exquisite beauty, filled with a sentiment of remote loveliness, of dreamy distances, which has rarely been surpassed even by the greatest masters. Lady Hallé, who led the quartet, which also consisted of MM. Haydn Inwards, Gibson, and Paul Ludwig, played with singular beauty of tone and feeling. M. Vladimir de Pachmann played Weber's Sonata in A flat for the piano-forte, and, as we thought, did not give to the work even a momentary inspiration. Seldom have we heard so colourless, so completely undistinguished an achievement in piano-forte-playing. M. de Pachmann is excellent with his intimate Chopin; with musicians of a sterner stamp, as Weber undoubtedly is, he seems altogether at sea. He appears to have attenuated his method so resolutely that to confront him with classical achievements outside Chopin frightens him into a position of indifference and undesirable coldness of manner.

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